NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

—NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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MISCELLANIES.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Percy or Percival Rede, of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate: once when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crozier, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's Painting of the first of these accidents suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Careered along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound:
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three?

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Chevoit's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras no'er was stancher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and woes;
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of Sylvan hope and Sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbor'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame and quivering ears,
The brake suspicious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That o'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drenched the gray goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies.
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies.
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favorite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

"And if it be, the shaft be blessed,
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since in your service pined, caressed,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar" been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark Oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,
And in her Cooper's colors drest,
The scene shall live forever.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE AND LAFAYETTE.

The following letters are from the new work by M. B. Sarrans, Secretary of Lafayette.

Letter from Count Surveilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) to Gen. Lafayette.

My Dear General,—Gen. Lallemand, who will deliver this letter, will recall me to your recollection. He will tell you with what enthusiasm the population of this country (both American and French) received the news of the glorious events of which Paris has been the theatre. The Americans were also glad to see the tri colored flag displayed in their theatres. Did I not see at the head of affairs a name with which mine never can accord, I should be with you wholly and entirely, and as soon as Gen. Charles Lallemand conveys Gen. Charles Lallemand being on the point of sailing, I have barely time to write these few lines.—I address them to you, because of all the Frenchmen who have taken part of the secret struggle which existed by the force of circumstauces between the nation and a government of foreigners, you are the person, who has seen me, and conversed with me here, who knows my whole mind, and whose similarity of political opinions with my own, has given me a full and entire confidence in your character.

I have begged M. ——— to express my wish to you, and I beg that you, General, will express to the illustrious citizens who, with you, have assisted in raising up the national colors, my sentiments, which you have had the opportunity of ascertaining here, and which, in all possible hypothesis, are unalterable—*wholly for the French people.*

The Emperor, my brother, when dying on the rock of St. Helena, dictated to General Bertrand a letter to me, in which he recommended his son to me, and bade me an eternal farewell. This letter terminates thus: 'Impress unceasingly on my son that he is, before all things, a Frenchman; let him take for his device, *Tout pour le peuple Francaise.*' I have fulfilled, as far as lay in my power, the duty which this sentiment imposed on me. I know that his son is as much a Frenchman as you and I, in despite of fortune; *and I hope that the moment is not far distant when he may help me to restore France a portion of what we all owe her.*

Adieu, my dear General: my letter sufficiently proves that I render justice to the sentiments you evinced for me during the triumphal journey which you made in that nation in which I have lived for fifteen years. Liberty is not a mere chimera; it is a blessing which a wise and moderate nation may enjoy when it will. By way of precaution, I send a duplicate of this letter. The first copy was despatched on the 10th inst.

Be pleased to accept, my dear General, every expression of my former attachment.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

General Lafayette's answer to the Count de Surveilliers.

PARIS, Nov. 26, 1830.

M. LE COMTE,—I have received the letters which you have done me the honor to address to me, with those sentiments of affection and respect which I owe to the kindness you have at all times evinced for me. My gratitude and attachment could not but be strengthened by our late conversations, when we spoke with confidence of the past, the present, and the future.

You must have been dissatisfied with my conduct in recent circumstances, not that I had given any pledge to you or any one: but you must have said, 'Since Lafayette conceived himself compelled by circumstances to relax in the preference he has at all times professed for purely republican institutions, why has that concession favored another family than mine? Has he forgotten that 3,000,000 of votes acknowledged the imperial dynasty?' You see, my dear Count, I present the reproach in its full force. I have deserved it, and I will now justify myself in full independence and purity of conscience.

When the measures of Charles X. and company roused the inhabitants of Paris, and public confidence placed me at the head of the patriotic movement, my first thought, after the victory, was to turn affairs to the best account for the cause of freedom and my country. You may readily suppose that no personal consideration could connect itself with this determination.

The first condition of republican principles being to respect the general will, I was withheld from proposing a purely American constitution, in my opinion the best of all.—To do this would have been to disregard the wish of the majority; to risk civil troubles, and to kindle foreign war. If I was wrong, my mistake was at least at variance with the inclinations I have always cherished; and even supposing me to have possessed vulgar ambition, it was contrary to what might have been termed my interest.

A popular throne, in the name of the national sovereignty, surrounded by republican institutions, appeared to be within our attainment; this was the programme of the barricades, and of the Hotel de Ville, of which I undertook to be the interpreter.

The Chamber of Deputies, representing 80,000 electors, did not go so far as we did; but it agreed with public opinion for the expulsion of the guilty family, and it was, like Paris and the rest of France, urged to allay inquietude, and to come to a resolution.

I might content myself with observing that your dynasty was dispersed: some were in Rome, you in America, and the Duke of Reichstadt in the hands of the Austrians, but I owe to your friendship a candid disclosure of my attainments.

The Napoleon system was brilliant in glory, but stamped with despotism, aristocracy, and slavery,* and if there were any event which could render those scourges tolerable and almost popular in France, (which Heaven forbid,) it would be the restoration of the imperial regime. Besides, the son of your wonderful brother has become an Austrian Prince, and you know what the Vienna Cabinet is. These cousiderations, my dear Count, in spite of the sentiments I entertain towards you personally, did not permit me to wish for the reestablishment of a throne which during the 100 days had displayed a constant tendency to former errors.

I scarcely knew the Duke of Orleans.—Serious differences had existed between his father and me. Some family relations and civilities had not led me to visit the Palais Royal. Nevertheless, I knew, in common with the public, that there were to be found in that family, along with domestic virtues and simple tastes, little ambition, and a sentiment truly French, to which the Emperor himself had rendered justice. I recollected the young republican of 1789, the soldier of Valmy and Gemappes, the professor in Switzerland, and the traveller in the United States. He was called Bourbon, and that is a disagreeable name; but as a name, it was more than yours, more than that of a republic, a security against war. It did not prevent the establishing and bringing into practice the principals and sovereignty of the people—the putting arms in the hands of 2,000,000 of citizens—choosing their own officers—the completing of the liberty of the press, and the possession of popular institutions. It therefore appeared to me useful in the circumstances in which we were placed, for the sake of peace within and without, that the different shades of political opinion, with the exception of Charles X's party, should unite under this combination.

My assent was not the effect of any prejudice or anterior affection. I must now say, that after four months of intimate acquaintance, sentiments of confidence, friendship, and the interest of a common cause have strengthened my first impressions. As to general assent, what was done was not merely the work of the Chambers and the population of Paris—of 80,000 National Guards and 300,000 spectators in the Champ de Mars. All the deputations from the towns and villages of France, which, in consequence of my functions, I received in detail,—in a word, multitudes of adhesions, uninstigated and unquestionable, took place, which convince us more and more that what we have done is conformable to the will of the great majority of the French people.

I observe in one of your letters, which have all been faithfully delivered, that you suspect the Duke of Orleans of having had knowledge of a plot against the Emperor in the Isle of Elba. He is incapable of any thing of the kind; and, from what I have been told by the republican who denounced that plot, and by Madame de Stael, who continued in friendship with the Duke of Orleans. I should, independent of his known character, have been convinced that some one had calumniated him to you.

One of my first cares, after his elevation to the throne, was to express a wish to him that you, your children, and your respectable mother, might; if you thought fit, return tranquilly to France.

The idea was very cordially received by the King; but objections were started on account of the treaties with foreign powers, which, absurd and insolent as they are, would render some negotiations necessary. Political circumstances have since changed; the diplomatic horizon is overcast; both sides are on their guard. But it is superfluous to dwell on these circumstances, since, in any case, judging from the tenor of your letters, you would not have adopted that course. I mention it only in reference to what I had the honor to tell you at Bordentown.

In the sincerity of my heart I was anxious to have this explanation with you. I will not say that all happened just as I would have dictated it. You know that in public, as well as private affairs, we never see things go entirely to our satisfaction. Your incomparable brother, with all his power, his energy, and his talents, experienced the truth of this; and you, his best friend, have had your share of disappointments. I can make no concealment of what I voluntarily did, for I love to preserve your friendship by candor, rather than to destroy it by a less sincere apology.

Receive, my dear Count, the homage of the respect, gratitude and affection, for which I am pledged to you.

LAFAYETTE.

* After the Emperor's departure for Waterloo, Prince Lucien had a conversation with Lafayette:—"Do you hope," said the latter, "that your brother may be corrected?" "No," replied Lucien, "two miracles have saved him—Marengo and Austerlitz; he perhaps will perform a third; but that does not depend on himself, and in case of a defeat, two parties will rise up—one for his son, and the other for the Duke of Orleans. I am for my nephew; whom are you for, General?" "Neither for the one or the other," replied Lafayette, "as I just now observed to an Orleanist. I remain with the people, independent of parties; and I hope that liberty may make the best possible bargain, without reference to individuals."

Extracts from Paulding's new novel of
WESTWARD HO!

AN EARTHQUAKE. While the argonauts of the broad horn were gathering drift wood along the shore, Rainsford, accompanied by Captain Sam, strolled to the confines of the Great Prairie, as it is called, which extends for many miles from the borders of the Mississippi. As they stood admiring the rolling expanse of vapor which gave to its vast surface the appearance of the distant ocean in a calm, and coursing with their eyes the dead and noiseless solitude, a distant rumbling sound caught their attention for a moment—ceasing for a moment, and in a moment beginning again, apparently nearer than before. It was succeeded by a vast cloud of dust, which all at once obscured the air, and hid from their view the face of the world.

"Cut dirt, stranger, for your life; there's whirlwind coming," cried Captain Sam, suiting the action to the word.

But he had scarcely spoken when the earth opened between them, and they stood rocking to and fro on either side a yawning chasm. The ground rose in waves, like the sea in a storm; the vast trees that skirted the bare precincts of the endless plain, nodded and struck their high heads together with a crash, and lashed each other with their giant limbs; the earth burst its strong ribs, and rose, and split into vast ravines; the waters burst through their bounds, and while they formed new lakes, or forced themselves into new channels in some places, in others they left large spaces high and dry. Anon the waves of the firm fixed earth subsided for a moment, and she lay trembling and quivering as in the paroxysm of an ague.

During this appalling interval, Rainsford and his companion rose from the ground, were they had been thrown by the resistless force of the vibrations, and instinctively sought refuge they knew not whither. The captain made towards the river, as being his natural element; while the other climbed one of the lofty trees that skirted the bounds of the interminable plain, from a vague apprehension of the waters, which as well as the earth, seemed struggling to free themselves from the fetters of Nature's inflexible laws. He had scarcely done this, when again the same appalling noises approached from another quarter, and again the firm set earth began to heave and curl itself into a sea of waves that seemed to approach from a distance, gathering strength, and rising higher and higher, until they burst, scattering vast volumes of water and sand high in the air, and leaving the ground seamed with deep chasms, which the traveller still surveys with astonishment and dismay. In a few moments the earth seemed changed into a different element, and to become an ocean.—A large portion of the district around was covered with the waters, and the tree on which Rainsford had sought refuge stood rocking to and fro in the midst of them.—Darkness, or at least an obscurity, like that of a total eclipse of the sun, came over the world; and such was the dismay of all animated nature, that a little bird came and sought refuge in the bosom of the young man, where it lay quiet and tame in the trance of terror. He could feel its little heart beat against his own, and the communion of sympathy between him and the panting flutterer was not unsoothing in this terrible hour.

Casting his eye towards the town of New Madrid, he beheld the houses tottering and tumbling to pieces, and the people fleeing to and fro in all the desperation of overwhelming terror. Turning to the Mississippi, he suddenly observed it in one particular spot boil up, and overflow its banks, carrying boats and every thing that floated on its surface far over into the fields, where they were left perfect wrecks. Nay, it spared neither the living nor the dead, for all at once he saw the little graveyard of the village, with its mouldering bones and quiet inhabitants, lifted, as it were, from its resting place, and hurled into the torrent, where it and they were scattered, never to be associated again in time or in eternity.

It looked like the last agony of expiring nature—as if the Omnipotent had resigned his empire of the universe, and left the rebel elements to struggle for mastery.

The excursions of a brilliant but ill-regulated imagination.—The mind of Rainsford seemed to take wing to the highest heaven, and to revel in the most glorious perceptions. With the mingled feelings of poetry and philosophy, of love and devotion, he expatiated on the beauty of nature, the chaste delights of virtuous affection, the labors and triumphs of well aimed genius, and the crowning gift of immortality bestowed upon it here and hereafter. Virginia sat beside him, leaning forward with downward face; her eye raised to his in mingled admiration of his lofty flights, and fear lest he should overleap the slippery pinnacle of reason, and topple down headlong on the other side. She trembled at the dizzy height to which he sometimes soared, and her fearful anticipations pictured him as just shivering on the very verge of the almost imperceptible line, the very hair breadth space which, in the sensitive empire of the brain, separates the fruitful region where the elements act in sweet accord and all is universal harmony, from that of chaos, where nothing but shapeless monsters and jarring atoms abide.

Patriotism in Women.—The love of country in the mind of a virtuous, reflecting, intellectual woman, should come next to her faith, her domestic affections, and her attachment to home. It ought never to mingle in party dissensions, or become the common topic of her thoughts or conversation; but, like the pure light of religion, it should be a quiet, deep rooted, unobtrusive principle, worthy of every sacrifice except that of the virtues which constitute the divinity of the sex.

A Backwoodsman. Nurtured among the mountains of his native State, free as the air he breathed, he grew up tall and straight, and hardy as the trees of the primeval forests, where he passed most of his time in hunting and rural sports of danger and enterprize. He could neither read nor write, yet he was not ignorant or vulgar; and his feelings, by some strange freak of nature, or combination of circumstances, partook of the character of a gentleman in more ways than one.

In his person, Bushfield was one of those rare specimens of men, the united prodnct of pure air, wholesome exercise, warlike habits and perfect freedom of body and mind. He was upwards of six feet high, perfectly straight and without an ounce of superfluous flesh in his whole composition. There was a singular ease, one might almost call it gracefulness in his carriage; and his dress, which consisted of a buckskin hunting shirt, a raccoon skin cap and leggings, was highly picturesque.—There was nothing vulgar or dowdy in his appearance or address, which was that of a man who behaved himself equal to his fellow men in any circumstances or situation that called for the exercise of manly vigor or daring enterprize.

The Cashmere Shawl Goat has been successfully introduced into England by C. T. Tower, Esq. of Weald Hall, Essex; and as that gentleman by this time must have some of this flock to dispose of, the Gardener's Magazine thinks their introduction among farmers, for their wool and also for their milk, a fair subject to speculate on. This variety of the common goat (or probably, it may be a distinct species) is a fine-looking animal, and would be very ornamental in a park, on a ruin, on the side of a rock, or in a church yard.—The coat is a mixture of long coarse hair, and of short fine wool; this latter begins to be loose early in April; and is collected easily and expeditiously, by combing the animals with such a comb as is used for horse's manes. The produce of a male is about 4 oz.; and of a female 2 oz: 2 lbs of wool, as it comes off the goat's back, may be estimated to make one shawl 54 inches square. Mr. Tower has this year had three shawls made of his wool, one of which was examined by the committee of manufacturers. The flock, consisting in 1823, of two bucks and two does, now (1832) consists of 51 animals. Mr. Tower states that his flock produced an average of two ounces and one third of down annually from each animal.

[From Lord Dover's Life of Frederick the Great.]

Though but little was done this campaign, an opportunity occurred of exhibiting that courageous coolness in the hour of danger which was part of the nature of Frederic, and which first became known upon the present occasion. He had gone to reconnoitre the lines of Philipsbourg, followed by a considerable number of other persons; passing, in his return, through a wood that could be seen through, the cannon of the lines accompanied him without ceasing, and shattered several trees close to him; without occasioning his horse to hasten his pace, and without causing the hand that held the bridle to exhibit the slightest nervousness. On the contrary, those who were around him remarked that he continued to talk with unruffled tranquility to the generals who accompanied him; and who admired his courage in the midst of a danger with which he had not yet had an opportunity of being familiarized.

* * * *

Frederic's attachment to his dogs, which had been one of his earliest passions, continued unabated to the end of his life. The breed which he preferred was that of the Italian greyhound, of which he had always five or six in the room with him. Zimmermann describes them as placed on blue satin chairs and couches, near the king's arm chair, and says that when Frederic, during his last illness, used to sit on his terrace at Sans Souci, in order to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed by his side, which was occupied by one of his dogs. He fed them himself, took the greatest possible care of them when they were sick, and, when they died, buried them in the gardens at Sans Souci. The traveller may still see their tombs (flat stones with the names of the dogs interred beneath engraved upon them) at each end of the terrace at Sans Souci, in front of the palace. The king was accustomed to pass his leisure moments in playing with them; and the room where he sat was strewed with leather balls, with which they amused themselves. As they were all much indulged, though there was always one especial favorite, they used to tear the damask covers of the chairs in the king's apartment, and gnaw and otherwise injure the furniture. This he permitted without rebuke, and used only to say, "My dogs destroy my chairs, but how can I help it? And if I was to have them mended to day, they would be torn again tomorrow; so I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience. After all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would neither be as attached nor as faithful!"

The most celebrated of the dogs of Frederic were Biche and Alcmena. Biche made the campaign of 1745 with him; and was with him when, one day, having advanced to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's troops, he was pursued by a party of Austrian hussars. He hid himself under a bridge, with Biche wrapped in the breast of his coat. The dog, though generally of a noisy and barking disposition, seemed aware of its master's danger, and remained quiet and hardly breathing till the Austrians had passed over the bridge, and were at a distance. At the battle of Soor, Biche was taken with the king's baggage, but was restored to her master. General Rothenbourg, who brought her, upon her return, into the king's room, found the monarch so entirely occupied in writing, that he did not look up when his favorite entered. The dog immediately jumped upon the table, and put her two front paws on the king's neck, who was moved to tears at this proof of her affection. Alcmena was a favorite greyhound belonging to the King of Prussia, to which he was so much attached that at his death for a day or two he abandoned himself to his grief; and it was long before he would allow the corpse of the dog, although it had become putrid, to be taken from his apartment and buried.

MORE PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE THUNDER STRUCK.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath the coming shock. From about eleven o'clock at noon the sky wore a lurid threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "laboring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand!

By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife and children and a young visitor, were altogether in the parlor, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way—was a Miss Agnes P——, a girl of about twenty one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P—— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly showed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness.—Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your sex!"—The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanor, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned: and there was a Hebe like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted," were music and romance. A more imaginative, ethereal ized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance Such assiduous calls to enquire after *my* health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P——'s expectations?" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P—— surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple; she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter of fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N—— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the tenth of July. If she did not impose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or other, acquired a most disturbing strength. He labored hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter; and for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a *little* coldness—yes although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short scarcely any thing was talked of by Agnes but the coming 10th of July; and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking:—

To return from this long digression—which however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlor, I retired, to my library, for the purpose among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these "Passages" are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless—was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest 'sough' of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life!—I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collars—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two in the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendor as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a *glimpse* merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds.—It was followed at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolical. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal! May *I* never see or hear the like again!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlor in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavoring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact the whole house quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down! Love! Husband!"—she gasped, endeavoring to drop upon her knees—"Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. "Wait a moment, love," said I, "and I will fetch you a few reviving drops!"—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs,—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—— was not in the parlor I had just quitted. *Where* was she? What would *she* say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward—Edward," I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; "where is Miss P——?"

"Miss P——, Sir!—Why—I don't—Oh yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs and haven't seen her since, sir."—"What!" I exclaimed with increased trepidation, "Was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?"—"Yes it was, sir."—"Take this into your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed but not shut.

"Agnes! Where are you?" I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door.—I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's-sake, speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!—She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled.—Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me—may, close to me!—Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P——. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P—— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming "Agnes—Agnes!"—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted if all to a statue!—I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend to her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm,—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated the eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances,—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed!—Satan has her!"—convinced me that the unfortunnate young lady was seized with CATALEPSY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehension of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning?—Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes.—Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it.—I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost.—I determined to resort at once to strong anti-spasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ear, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and other.—Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stopped for a moment into the adjoining room where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I retuned to Miss P—'s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. ——, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

[The new patient proved to be a noted and very profane boxer, who had in returning home dislocated his ancle. His pain and blasphemies were horrible, and during one of his imprecations a flash of lightning struck him DEAD!]

To be continued.

Communications.

For the New England Galaxy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The last accounts of Walter Scott, leave us no ground for anticipating any very favorable change in his health, and all that we can wish for him, indeed, is that he may be permitted to pass with as little pain as possible out of the world, to whose pleasure and profit he has so long and largely contributed. There is something peculiarly melancholy in the nature of his malady, which exhibits the gradual, and we may add, premature decay of faculties so brilliant. It would seem as if Providence designed to humble our pride—the pride of intellect, by bringing down below the ordinary level of humanity, an understanding once lifted so far above it.

There can be no doubt of the perpetuity of Scott's fame, for it rests on so wide a basis among contemporaries, that it can not be imputable in any degree to the local, or accidental, or party prejudices or interests, which sometimes indeed, may have the effect of rendering a work "immortal a pretty considerable while," as was said of a member of Congress' speech, but which leave it to sink in the end. The most distant nations and the most opposite factions have alike delighted to honor him; even the breath of criticism, which so often blows cold as well as hot on the most lucky writer, has always been in his favor, a sort of gentle never-failing trade-wind, sending him along cheerily on his course, without fear of dull calms, head-winds, or any of those unaccountable extempore squalls that occasionally upset the stoutest sea-boat. Scott's boundless popularity is owing to a very rare combination of the higher powers of imagination, with a shrewd knowledge of human character. It is very rare that these are united. Where they are separate, a man's admirers are necessarily limited to the class of persons, whose peculiar constitution of mind fits them for relishing the one or the other. Thus Spenser or Milton, who possessed the gifts of imagination unlimited, cannot be called extensively popular with the great mass of readers. Writers like Cumberland or Miss Burney, (not much alike) more remarkable for perspicacity in character than imagination, are perhaps more widely intelligible than the former class, but excite comparatively feeble interest with their admirers In short, to produce the full effect—a popularity at once deep and diffused, the writer must possess the rarest of all combinations, a heavenly fancy, and an earthly familiarity with his species. Such was Homer, Ariosto, and Shakspeare,—and some one or two others perhaps, of the finest mould, spirits not altogether congenial it is true, but alike possessing this magical combination.

In addition to Scott's natural properties, his success is imputable also to the consummate dexterity with which he has studied and accommodated himself to the signs of the times. His extraordinary versatility is not the least remarkable of his talents, and he has made good use of it to his own profit. When he found the kind public beginning to show signs of drowsiness, he straightway changed his key. He never consulted his own taste alone and forced good things down the throat of the public, whether it would or no, but he studied the tastes of his guests, and when they had got a surfeit of hanjed rhyme, served up a plain dish of prose. He first filled them with old ballads, and when they cried quarter, instead of going on as Monk Lewis did, till their stomachs fairly turned against him, he cooked up his beautiful little epics, which glided daintily over the most critical palates, and when they began to pall, we were served with the Scotch romances, of altogether a different cut from any thing before known. This had its run, and was followed in good time by English romance, and when he had rode this hobby till it was, or rather its rider feared it might be somewhat jaded, we find him on the historic Pegasus, flying away at a rate that distanced all competitors, and to my spectacles for it was no easy thing to read as fast as he wrote.—By this perpetual succession of varieties, the wonderful magician has contrived to keep that spoiled child, an English public, in perfect good humor with herself *for more now than thirty years*, an unprecedented run of favor.

Sir Walter has found his account in this long protracted popularity which seemed to acquire strength by duration. Title, fortune, consideration, have all been lavished on him, for it was his good luck to hit the taste of both king and commoner. He is the *only person*, as far as we can ascertain, who has been graced with a baronetage, for purely *literary* merit. In most of the other countries of Europe, titles have been lavished pretty liberally on lettered men, as well as political, but in England these honors have been jealously reserved for soldiers and statesmen, while your men of science and art, the Newtons, Reynoldses, &c. were fain to put up with that poor life-estate in the aristocracy, yclept a knighthood, shared with every country bumpkin who had the luck to be the bearer of an address from his country. In our day it has fared somewhat better with science, and men like Cooper, the younger Herschel, Davy, &c. have been sometimes raised a step nearer the peerage, by the intermediate rank of a baronet. But Scott, as we have said, stands we believe the only example on record, of this honor being vouchsafed to purely literary success, which has been thought quite well enough paid by academic titles, or at best a poet-laureateship.

But Sir Walter has had still rarer luck with his other master the British public, who has showered into his pockets those golden honors, which although not the highest meed of the scholar,

> "The spur, that the clear spirit doth raise
> "To scorn delight and live laborious days,"

is at least a very tolerable accompaniment with it, and by some may be thought even better than all the empty titles which king's and academies can confer. Scott seems to have been half of this mind; for we find him perpetually recurring to the proceeds as the evidence of his success, and always discreet enough to navigate his bark where the golden tide runs deepest. There probably never was a writer, since the grey goose quill was first dipped in ink, that ever made any thing at all comparable to the sums which Scott has received from his various publications, especially those of late date. The very second poem he wrote, when his fame was in the dawn, brought him according to his own account, 1000 pounds. The copy-right of one of his novels, Woodstock, publicly sold at the time of his embarrassments, for 8000 pounds, if we are not mistaken; and the proceeds from the present reprint of his whole collection of romances is estimated, at not less than forty or fifty thousand more. The lordly pile of Abbotsford with its spacious halls and library, and extensive domain, is built out of the "lofty rhyme," or may more truly be considered perhaps a castle of romance, and the generous, princely hospitality of its owner, has been supported from the same source. It cannot be more than six or seven years at most since he became involved in those embarrassments which have compelled him since to work for others instead of himself. During the interim, he has contrived, it is understood, to discharge debts amounting to sixty or seventy thousand pounds, by mere literary labor, a gigantic feat unparalleled in literary history, and which, considering the circumstances under which it occurred, and the high sense of honor it implies, might be recorded on his tombstone as his most exalted panegyric, alike glorious to his head and to his heart.

Scott, like the few great writers who have made great fortunes by their productions, like Lope de Vega, or Voltaire, for example, was remarkable for his fruitfulness and miraculous celerity of composition.—This was the case with Voltaire, who is said to have made a couple of hundred thousand crowns, and still more with the famous Spaniard Lope de Vega, who although lavish in expense saw himself at one time master of 100,000 ducats, the results of writings exclusively. This was a very great sum certainly for the sixteenth century, and looks as if on the whole he may have been as well compensated for the times, as Scott. Lope drew his profits from the theatre. His marvellous rapidity of writing exceeded that of Scott's since he could turn off a comedy with 2000 verses in a day. He says himself that he delivered more than a hundred such to the theatre, in the course of his life, all composed within four and twenty hours from the time of their first conception. His whole number of plays amounted to twenty two hundred, and his other miscellaneous poetry, a sort of contingency it were, amounts to twenty one volumes quarto.—Some curious monsers fond of details, have computed the sum total of his verses at twenty one millions three hundred thousand, written on 133,222 leaves of paper. This easy writing turned out, of course, a good deal of it "curs'd hard reading," as the song says, and Lope de Vega so far from coming down to posterity with this ton of headwork on his shoulders, has descended with no more, poor man, than twenty five quartos of plays, being scarcely a seventh of the whole lot! This would be a load heavy enough to sink most men, and we suspect must undergo a good deal of sifting yet, in its descent Diis inferis, to the unborn.

Scott has not improvisated at such an unmerciful rate as this, but then he has written scarcely any thing that is not plentifully sprinkled with the attic salt, that will keep it savory to the latest ages. On the whole, if he is not the most rapid writer the world has ever known, it may perhaps be admitted that no one has written so fast and so well. Perhaps too, it may be added, that none has ever produced so large an amount for posterity. Time, that merciless critic, worse than old Bentley, with his slashing hook, will have little occasion to weed Scott's relics. Except a little wishy-washy verse, the last runnings of his exhausted urn, and a single romance which wears the sallow tints of disease instead of the usual bloom and buoyancy of jocund health, what is there we can afford to part with?

While we are on this head, we may as well apply the same test of mathematical analysis to Scott, as to Lope de Vega. This way of working out the dimensions of a great man by the rules of arithmetic, is rather degrading, we confess, but there is something so startling in the results, that it has some interest.—From the time Sir Walter took to novel writing 1814—15 to his last publication 1831, making about seventeen years, he sent into the world, taking the early English editions as the basis.

> Novels and romances—about 75 vols. duodecimo.
> History, (Napoleon, Scotland, Demonology,) 12 vols. duodecimo.
> Miscellaneous works—6 vols. octavo.
> Tales of a Grandfather—12 vols. 16mo.

which, allowing the octaves to balance the 16mos make a sum total of 105 volumes, or about six vols. per year, or one volume for every two months! A monstrous average indeed, amid all the thousand interruptions of absence, and disease, and distracting occupation which must necessarily so often intervene during the long lapse of 17 consecutive years! If we add to these, 12 volumes octavo of poetry, and near fifty of authors edited by him with copious critical apparatus, we shall swell the catalogue of original and collected publications from his life to a monstrous extending, we suspect that of any English writer. If in addition to this, we consider that amid all this numerous progeny, we find none of the half formed ricketty bantlings that gasp out their existence the hour of their birth, as is the case with very many, indeed the greater part of Lope's, but that on the contrary the whole stock with one or two exceptions wear the immortal stamp of youth upon their brows, promising a life as long as civilization endures, we may safely conclude, that no author has ever produced so much *for posterity* as Scott. To pursue the calculation a little farther, applying it to the compensation actually received for his writings—the novel of Woodstock sold it has been stated for 8000 pounds, or, 39,400 dollars. In Carey & Lea's edition, two vols. duodecimo, now before us there are about 580 pages.—This gives us $66 20 per page; or $2 36 per line, and 23 cents per word! So that, to reduce the account to Yankee currency, Sir Walter may be said to have received a quarter of a dollar, for every dash of his pen.

This way of reckoning a man's wits by the rule of three, and of measuring out the product of the brain by the yard as it were, like any other manufacture, has something in it, we admit, exceedingly base and mechanical. The coin in which a great soul like Scott's, is paid, is of another sort. It is in the moral influence of his works; the heavy hearts which they have lightened, the troubled tempers which they have soothed; and the wan and pallid cheek which they have tinged with the glow of pleasure; the happy firesides which they have cheered by a common theme of interest and instruction; the many whom they may have turned from insanity, or sordid indulgence to the pure pleasures of intellect; the many more in whose bosoms they have fortified principles of honor, and raised a stronger thirst for historic truth; the national recollections which they have embodied, and the patriotic feelings which they have deeply invigorated; the flood of light which they have poured on human character and conduct; the more dignified and moral tone to which they have raised the most popular, and therefore the most operative of all writing, prose works of fiction; the crowds of artists, antiquaries, and other ingenious persons to whom they have afforded new and various scope for the exercise of their talents; and last, not least, the host of operatives, thousands and tens of thousands in all the manifold departments of printing and publication to whom they have furnished employment both at home and abroad. These are the returns, alone worthy of a genius like Scott's, the only ones which will remain for him to rest on, when all earthly possessions shall have faded, as perhaps they have already faded, forever from his grasp.

For the New England Galaxy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALAXY,

Sir—Having read in your last paper an account of the melancholy death of Mr. Hemmenway, by the sting of a wasp,—I have been reflecting upon the case with deep interest.

There are numerous instances on medical record, of sudden death from the sting of honey-bees. Ordinarily, however, in such cases, the immediate cause of death was universal spasms of the locomotive muscles. In a Treatise on the Bee, page 61—printed by Perkins & Marvin, I find the subjoined marginal note.

"A man in the town of Hopkinton, a few years since, was stung on the wing of the nose, by a single bee, which probably punctured a nasal twig of the facial nerve—violent spasms and death, soon followed."

A horse has been killed within a few hours after the injuriated insects made a puncture, and yet it is a pretty well established fact, that the poison, however freely inserted, is not injurious to other bees, any more than the venom of a poisonous serpent is fatal to individuals of the same species.

The writer, in 1829, during the examination of a hive of bees, was stung on the side of the nose, near the cartilaginous edge of the nostril;—a twinge of pain was instantly felt on the spot, but in a twinkling it was equally severe at the point of the shoulder blade. There was a strong tendency to spasm in the deep seated muscles of the neck—which for weeks after, on exposure to a damp atmosphere, were slightly affected by twitchings.

It is evident, in this instance, as well as in that of the man in Hopkinton, that the sting actually wounded a capillary nerve.

Your correspondent says that Mr Hemmenway was stung on the middle joint of the second finger of the right hand. Such is the structure of the sting, that at the same instant it is withdrawn from a wound, a muscular apparatus compresses the sac of poison, which is injected into the punctured skin, instanter. Now, Sir, in the first place, I suppose the sting wounded the digital branch of the ulnar nerve of the arm, which is united with the spinal marrow and the great sympathetic nerve, which unites all parts of the body. In wounding the nerve, the sting probably also punctured a lymphatic vessel, into which the poison was injected—and thus, at the same moment, the vitality of the system was assailed by two deadly agents,—either of which, alone, could produce speedy death: in other words, the immediate introduction of a subtle poison into the absorbant vessels—and the shock felt in the nervous system by piercing a nerve communicating with the spinal cord, would cause death.

I confess myself unable to account for such rapid decomposition:—it is possible there is something peculiar in the character of the poison of that species of wasp, at this particular season, which yet remains to be explained;—and it is also possible that the circulating fluids were in such an extraordinary state of chymical combination, that the introduction of any putrid matter, into the circulation, would have exploded the vital powers in the same astonishing manner.

Very respectfully yours, S.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1832.

A belief in witchcraft is a superstition which has prevailed in almost every country, civilized and barbarous; but it in a great measure disappears before the light of science and high intellectual and moral cultivation. The delusion has, at times, infected all classes, and even perverted the established rules of evidence in judicial tribunals.—Learned and upright judges have admitted what is called *spectral evidence*, and upon this alone suffered the accused to be convicted and executed.—This *spectral evidence* consisted of the testimony of a person supposed to be afflicted by a witch, to an apparition of the accused who pinched and tormented the witness, when the person accused was known to be absent, perhaps in another town, engaged in his ordinary business. Sometimes the accused would be seen to enter a chamber through the keyhole of a door that was locked. So powerful and universal was the belief in the reality of witchcraft, in New England, in the latter part of the 17th century, that none dared openly to deny it; and the innocent victims of the charges were constrained to argue on the assumption, that the apparitions of themselves described by the witnesses, had really been seen, and to contend that their semblance had been assumed by an evil spirit that sought to screen its proper instruments, and divert public indignation to unoffending persons. To this the Court answered, that an evil spirit could assume only the appearance of such persons as had given up their bodies to him, and devoted themselves to his service. Upon this delusive evidence, unsupported by other testimony, innocent individuals of the purest lives were condemned to suffer death. As none but the witness could discern the apparition, and as it was settled by the Court that the evil spirit could assume the semblance of none but those who had sold their bodies to him, there was no way in which the accused could disprove the testimony, or escape from the charge. In 1693, an assembly of Divines in Massachusetts, after mature deliberation, gave it as their opinion, that the apparitions of persons afflicting others was no proof of their being witches, and that the devil might assume the shape of a good man to produce pain on the bodies of persons bewitched. Seldom has an ecclesiastical assembly prescribed a creed productive of more temporal good. The Court submitted to it as the opinion of the proper tribunal to determine the powers of Satan, and convictions afterwards became rare and difficult. Owing to this cause, and the fortunate circumstance, that the accusers, emboldened by success, ventured to prefer charges against the Governor's lady, and some of the members of a leading Minister's family, which seemed to give them different views of the subject, prosecutions soon ceased, and the delusion vanished, leaving a melancholy retrospect to the deluded actors in the bloody scene. These proceedings, no doubt, merit reprobation; but it belongs not to the nations of Europe to reproach us. They first yielded to the delusion, and set us an example of punishing with death an offence that probably has had no existence once since the Christian era, and is incapable of proof. In only two counties in England between two and three hundred persons were convicted of witchcraft, in the same century; while only twenty-nine, a number indeed sufficiently large, were executed convicted in Massachusetts.

Madame Trollope, and other sensitive English travellers, appear to have been greatly shocked by the uncleanly practice of *spitting*, which they found prevalent in the taverns, steam boats, and other society they were admitted to, in our country, and have recorded it in their journals with disgusting minuteness. It may perhaps tend to satisfy these fastidious Tourists, or at least to palliate in their eyes, this heinous offence against good manners, to learn that *spitting on the floor* was practised by the higher classes in England in the last century, and that we probably derived it, as we have many of our usages, from our common ancestors. Sir Wm. Temple, when residing as Minister in Holland, was surprised to find he was not expected to *spit* upon the floor of gentlemen's houses. Dining one day, he says, at Mons. Hoefs and having a great cold, I observed, every time I spit, a tight handsome wench (that stood in the room with a clean cloth in her hand) was presently down to wipe it up, and rub the board clean. Some of the people at table speaking of my cold, said the most trouble it gave me was to see the poor wench take so much pains about it. Mons. Hoefs told me it was well I escaped so; and that if his wife had been at home, though I were an ambassador, she would have turned me out of door for fouling her house.

MEDICAL MAGAZINE. The fourth number of this work has been published by Allen & Ticknor of this city. It contains an article upon the cholera as it appeared in Vienna, which we hope may be extensively read by our own practitioners. We copy the letter enclosing it to the Editors of the Magazine, from one of our most celebrated physicians, showing his opinion of the value of its contents.

To the Editors of the Medical Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—A few days since I received the papers accompanying this, which I offer you for publication. They are from Charles T. Jackson, M. D. who is now in Europe. Though he is of the same name with myself, I have not the honor to bear any relation to this young physician, except that of a teacher. He is well known in this region, and not a little out of it, for his acquaintance with the natural sciences generally and with mineralogy in particular. Great however as have been his attainments in this branch of knowledge, his zeal and industry have enabled him to make uncommon acquisitions in the medical sciences. His letter shows how strongly he partook of the anxiety felt by our countrymen in Europe, and especially perhaps by those of our profession, in respect to the occurrence of Cholera in this country.

I would venture to recommend to notice, especially, the observations on the post-mortem appearances in Vienna, confirming as they do those of some of the distinguished pathological anatomists in other parts of Europe.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

JAMES JACKSON.

THE LADIES MAGAZINE, for September, has been received. Mrs. Hale continues to render this periodical interesting. It contains the Ladies fashions for September; and the air, "The Bells of St. Petersburgh," by T. Moore, set to music.—Under the head of "Is it fashionable?" we find the following wholesome advice for the Ladies—We cordially recommend it to their attention.

I. No lady shall wear more than seven distinct colors in her dress at the same time—that being enough to form a rainbow.

II. No lady shall wear colored or clouded stockings with a white dress.

III. No married lady shall appear in a pink bonnet. (We should like to extend this prohibition to all ladies over fourteen.)

IV. No lady, who hopes to be married, shall wear the hem of her gown above her ancles.

THE LADIES BOOK, for October, contains the Prize Tale, written by Miss Leslie, called Mrs. Washington Potts. This work contains also several engravings and a piece of music from the opera of Fra Diavolo.

The United States Gazette says Wolfe's majority is about 4000.

BRIGHTON CATTLE FAIR. Last Wednesday was the anniversary of this institution. None other has done so much for our agricultural interests, and the promotion of a good breed of cattle; we therefore look with no little interest upon its maintenance. If we may judge at all from appearances this year, our farmers are not sufficiently aware of its importance to them. The excitement of novelty has worn off, and they do not take the little trouble necessary to put their cattle into a state which would do them credit. There were, however, a few fine animals exhibited. Among which we noticed a Bull, "Young Comet," the property of S. Hersey Derby, Esq. of Salem. Some South Down Sheep, and imported Horses. We subjoin a list of the animals exhibited.

We should not omit to mention that the Brighton Ladies held a Fair on that day, at which they were successful venders of many little elegancies, such as the ladies alone know how to make, or how to use after they are made.

Philip Wetherby, fat Ox.
Ichabod Stow, of Stow, two fat Oxen.
Moses Gill, Princeton, two fat Oxen.
Oliver Townsend, Brighton, fat Ox.
William Eager, Northborough, two fat Oxen.
Samuel Studley, Brighton, a Bull 4 years.
J. M. Barnett, Concord, a Bull 2 years.
William Worthington, Dorchester, a Bull.
Benjamin Shurtleff, Chelsea, a Bull 2 years.
James Osborn, Stow, a Bull 2 years.
Samuel Chamberlain, Westborough, a Bull 6 years.
Linus Howard, North Bridgewater, a Bull 19 mos.
Justin Howard, Easton, a Bull, Sir Isaac, 3 years.
Roswell Convers, New Braintree, a Bull, 4 years.
Moses Garfield, Needham, Milch Cow, 1 Bull calf.
James P. Barrett, Ashley, a Bull, 2 years.
Isaac Shaddack, West Cambridge, Bull calf.
Jesse Matthews, Lincoln, a Boar.
John Shumway, Dover, a Bull, exhibition only.
Ichabod Everett, Billerica, Bull calf.
William Bright, Watertown, Bull calf 4 months; Milch cow 8 years; Heifer 14 mos.
N. D. Williams, Roxbury, Heifer 18 months; two Cows for exhibition.
William Watts, Concord, a Cow.
Isaac H. Jones, Weston, a Bull 2 years 4 mos.
Moses Garfield, Needham, a Bull 2 years.
John Shumway, 1 Bull, 2 heifers; 1 Bull for exhibition.
E. H. Derby, Medfield, Heifer 2 years.
Jonas Sibley, Westborough, Heifer 1 year.
Nahum Hardy, Waltham, Heifer 3 years.
Luke Fiske, Waltham, two store Pigs 6 mos.
George M. Barrett, Concord, two store Pigs 5 1-2 mos; 1 Boar.
John Mackay, Weston, a Boar 2 years; a Boar 11 mos; a Sow 2 years old, with Pigs; a Sow 2 years; four Pigs 4 mos.
John Prince, Roxbury, a Bull 9 years old, for exhibition; a Cow and Calf, for do.
Seth Wyman, Shrewsbury, two Heifers; 1 Cow and Heifer.
Enoch Silsby, Boston, Dishley Sheep.
Seth Wyman, Shrewsbury, Dishley Ram.
S. Jaques, Southdown Sheep.
John Boyd, Shrewsbury, Native Ram.
Nathaniel Clapp, Dorchester, a Milch Heifer.
Nemal Barber, Sherburne, three Heifers 1 year old
Moses H. Felton, Barre, Milch Cow and Calf.
James Osborn, Stow, two Milch Cows.
Benjamin Shurtleff, Jr. Chelsea, three Heifers.
Lewis Holbrook, Sherburne, two Heifers 2 years.
Moody Moore, Waltham, three Heifers.
John Warren, Brookline, Heifers.
Hiram Cook, Brighton, Heifer.
Moses H. Felton, Barre, Heifer 7 mos.
Isaac Robbins, Watertown, four store Pigs; 6 do.
Samuel Jaques, Horse Sportsman; do Cardozo; do Napoleon.
John Welles had seven Pens with cattle in—and E. H. Derby, five.

The Editor of the Transcript, who was one of the Delegates to the late Worcester Convention, has brought to light the following original anecdote, which is told in the happy manner peculiar to that gentleman.

On the first evening of the Convention, a teamster drove up to the door of one of the principal taverns and asked for "lodging for himself and beast." The landlord said that he could not accommodate him, every bed in the house being taken up. "Well," said the teamster, "I am not at all particular, I will put up with part of a bed." "Part of a bed?" replied our host, "why, my dear Sir, there is not a bed in the inn, that has not *two* in it already and some of them three and four."

"Well, can't you let me sleep in that are parlor?"

"No, we are going to make up seventeen beds there to-night, and they are all engaged."

"Well now, that's curious; can't you give me a Buffalo skin and let me lay down here in the entry, I won't *discommodate* nobody."

"No, I can't have you in the entry; we shall be up all night, and I don't want any folks *clutterings* and sprawling about the floor where people are passing all the time."

"Well, by Gosh, you are an accommodating feller, I don't think," said the teamster—"wonder if you've got a tavern license! Tell you what, Mister, you are got no beds, no buffalo skins, no nothing—well that aint your fault just now, exactly, but, "continued he, looking at the rack where a multitude of cloaks and surtouts was suspended, "what will you take to let me hang on one of them there pegs?"

The laugh was fairly turned against the landlord, the company present interceded and the teamster was entertained *en prince*, but at whose expense the Boston delegation sayeth not.

YOUNG MEN'S MEETING. At a numerous meeting of the National Republican Young Men of this city, held at the Old Common Council Room, last evening, Russell Sturgis, Esq. was called to the Chair; George P. Milne and F. B. Crowninshield were appointed Secretaries. After passing a number of resolutions offered by Richard S. Fay, Esq. the following gentlemen were appointed to compose the Standing Committee, viz: James Cushing, Otis Turner, George P. Milne, Charles French, Charles Arnold, William Brigham, J. B. Flint, James A. Smith, James Fowle, Robert Farley, J. Lowell, Jr. J. D. Bridge, F. B. Crowninshield, Samuel E. Sewell, T. F. Barry, J. H. Eastburn, Thomas Child, John Collamore, Jr. F. A. Tiffany, Henry W. Kinsman, Charles H. Parker, James Dall, John Green, Jr.

THANKSGIVING. His Excellency has appointed, with the advice and consent of Council, Thursday, the 29th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, throughout the State.

FIRE. A fire broke broke out last evening in the shoe and leather store of Mr. Capen in Broad street, which was extinguished without much damage.

PROLOGUE TO ORALLOOSA. The new tragedy of Oralloosa has been played in Philadelphia. The following is the prologue written by Richard Penn Smith, Esq.

To wake the mould'ring ashes of the dead,
And o'er forgotten ages light to shed,
Call the picture in such sombre glows,
That Pizzo approaches,—Time his power foregoes;
Examines the pulses of the soul,
Can gentlest throb to throes beyond control;
Can varied passions from their germ to trace,
Till Reason totters from her judgment place;
Can call the latent seeds of virtue forth,
And urge the mind to deeds of lasting worth.
Since this the Stage in ancient days arose;
In teaching this she triumphed o'er her foes,
And soon became, in spite of bigot rule,
A nation's glory, and a nation's school.

Shelling at Fort Sumter continued all day. Alone the dogmas of some foreign bard;
Too long imagined, 'mouth our shifting skies;
"That Fancy sickens, and that Genius dies."
Dreaming, when Freedom left old Europe's shore,
Spread the strong wing now regions to explore,
Her altar in the wilderness to raise,
Where all might bend and safely chaunt her praise,
The gifted nine refused to join her train,
And still amidst their ruined haunts remain,—
Banish the thought; extend the fostering hand,
And wild-eye'd Genius soars at your command;
With "native wood notes wild" our hills shall swell
Till all confess the muses with us dwell.
Our bard, to-night, a bold adventurer grown,
A flight has taken to the torrid zone;—
Calls from the grave the ruthless Spaniard's dust,
To meet the judgment of the free and just,
Shows, in the progress of his mournful song,
The Indian's vengeance and the Indian's wrong:
How bigots, with the cross, and sword in hand,
Unpeopled and laid waste the peaceful land,
Then scourg'd the conquered with an iron rod,
And stabb'd for gold with seeming zeal for God.
Critics! a word!—we pray be not too hard
On native actor or on native bard.
A second time th' offenders stand before you,
Therefore for mercy humbly we implore you.
When last arraigned the cause was ably tried,
For GRADIATONS battled on their side:
Took you by storm:—ere you knew what to say
The valiant rogues had fairly won the day.
Should ORALLOOSA prove a victor too,
His triumph here repays for lost Peru.

EPILOGUE. The Epilogue, written by a friend, was delivered by Miss Riddle.

A *second judgment*! Though the Pagan doom'd,
And Spaniards false, abandon'd, and entomb'd,
Though Incas tyrannized, and conquerors slew,
Yet may we seek another fate from you.
No weak Peruviana ye, to watch and kneel,
And have prescribed what ye shall act or feel;
No men of Spain, (though greater in your might,)
To rob a foe or suppliant, of a right;
In you we place the last and safest trust,—
The strong are merciful,—the free are just!
Say, shall the Coya leave her funeral den,
To have the death-doom pierce her ear again?
Have ye, to save and bless, no "Christian arts?"
Or, what is better yet, no Yankee hearts?
And the wrong'd Inca, shall he live to tell
How the brown children of the sunbeam fell?
Shall Oralloosa 'scape the critic knife?
You have its destiny—speak it—death? or life?
[*Great applause.*]
Ah! that was sweet, now! Now, I see, good nature
Is, like your nose, become a national feature;
And hence the axiom new may well be started,
A big-nosed people is the biggest hearted.
But thanks—The magic (if 'twas such) is o'er,
And prattling Fiction holds the stage no more:
Author and actor, by poor me, now send
Thanks for the smiles and peals of every friend;
But bid me add, even with their thousand thank'es,
They hoped no less with such a house of Yankees.

INDEPENDENT CADETS. This ancient corps, under command of Col. Fessenden, celebrated its anniversary yesterday, by a parade and a dinner. It left the armory about 11 o'clock, with full ranks, and soon after marched to Norfolk House. Having partaken of a rapid collation, they repaired to a field near the remains of the old fortification, in the rear of Norfolk House, for target firing. Several rounds were fired and the target soon presented many transparent signs of sharp shooting. Suffice it to say that the target was pretty thoroughly riddled from the outer circle to the bull's eye. Since their last former parade, some improvement has been made in their uniforms, and they appeared elegant and in good taste. We do not remember having seen the company appear to more advantage on any occasion. They returned to the city soon after 4 o'clock, and sat down to an elegant dinner prepared by Gallagher. The table was honored by the presence of His Excellency Gov. Lincoln and several of the past officers of the corps.—*Centinel.*

GOING THE WHOLE HOG. We learn that at the late election in Morris County, one of their full blooded Jackson men was so wholly engrossed with his zeal, that he deposited in the ballot box an *Order for Pork*, which he had just received instead of a ticket. We have also heard that another committed a similar mistake with a *Bill of Iron.—Newark, N. J. Daily Advertiser.*

We find the following in the Chronicle of yesterday:—

"The author of a work on the state of society in England says,—'Almost every boy has a mother.'—We bow down submissively to his erudition."

A boy a short time since, on undergoing an examination at the police office, "claimed maternity of one of his *aunts*."—*U. S. Gaz.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Charles Amory, Esq. to Martha Babcock, daughter of Gardiner Greene, Esq.—John T. Heard, of the firm of Trull & Heard, to Almira Patterson—Samuel Gilbert, Jr. to Almira, daughter of Capt. Wm. Sprague—Richard Rumney to Sarah Lambert—Wm. H. Wheeler of Hallowell, to Elizabeth Hathorne.

In Salem, John C. Holmes of Lynn, to Lydia H. Glazier.

In Gloucester, Charles E. Trott of Boston, to Mary Jane Stanwood.

In Bridgewater, Levi W. Holbrook to Esther Curtis.

In Townsend, Capt. Wm. McLoon of Boston, to Christiana Bennet.

In Wolfborough, N. H. Capt. Robert R. Leach of Boston, to Lavina Cotton of Castine.

In New York, Charles E. Madge of Port Bay, N.Y. to Ann E. Madge of Lynn.

In Baltimore, Wm. Tileston to Martha Marston, both formerly of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, of cholera malignant, Stedman Farwell, 41.

This morning, Sally, wife of Samuel Harris, aged 33 years.

In Charlestown, Eliza, wife of Guy C. Hawkins, 38.

In Cambridgeport, J. A. Dunbar, 22.

In Brighton, Nancy Brown, 23.

In Newton, Capt. Thomas Richardson.

In Pembroke, Mrs. Susan S. Briggs, 42 years.

In Sandwich, Mehitable Corliss, 18, daughter of the late John Corliss of North Yarmouth, Me.

In Providence, Jacob Albertson, 81, formerly of Plymouth, Mass. a revolutionary soldier.

In New York, Francais Fraprie, 48, formerly of Boston.

In New Orleans, Capt. Joseph Balden, 34, formerly of Boston.

In Mobile, Isaac D. Reddington, a native of New Hampshire.

The American Edition
OF THE
EDINBURGH ENCYCLOPEDIA, No. 33—vol. 16—part 1st, containing many valuable additions by American Editors, particularly the articles United States—Virginia—Varnishing and Japanning, is received at 18 and 20 Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS.
☞ A few copies complete as far as printed, for sale as above. oct 13

Life Preservers.
DEER SKIN UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, useful and highly recommended articles for rheumatic persons and others liable to be affected by sudden changes of the weather, east winds, &c. for sale at KIMBALL'S 12, Washington street. sept 22

Stocks! Stocks! Stocks!
COUNTRY TRADERS will find at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington street, the greatest assortment of middling and low priced Stocks to be found in this city.
—ALSO—
Cravat Stiffners; Shirt Studs and Linen Collars, at low prices. april 14

Elegant Bead Bags.
E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street, has just received 300 colored and mourning BEAD BAGS, new and beautiful patterns, some extra rich with Gold Beads, also, black cut glass Bead Bags, for mourning —do black and slate with and without Gold Beads. oct 13 12tis

TREMONT THEATRE.
☞ FOR THE BENEFIT OF ☜
MISS HUGHES,
On which occasion Mr. HORN will appear.
ON MONDAY EVENING OCT. 22d, 1832.
Will be presented the 1st and 2d acts of the celebrated Operatical Spectacle called
CINDERELLA!
Felix, - - - (with songs) - - Mr. Horn.
Cinderella, - (with song) - Miss Hughes.
To conclude with the new Operatic farce called
LOVE IN WRINKLES.
Count Adolpho - - - - Mr. Horn.
Countess De Sterloff - - - Miss Hughes.
☞ The Manager has great pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. E. FORREST—due notice will be given of his first appearance.
☞ PRICES. First and 2d tier of Boxes $1—3d tier of Boxes 75 cents—Pit 50 cents, and Gallery 25 cents.
Doors open at 6 o'clock—performance to commence at half past 6 o'clock.

Academy of Drawing & Painting.
MR. CARDELLA respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this metropolis, that he has taken a house in the upper part of Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where he intends to devote his time to PAINTING PORTRAITS, at very moderate prices, and in a style that shall not fail to please.
He also intends to give lessons in DRAWING & PAINTING, in the Italian style, to a class of young ladies or gentlemen, or to any one who may please to favor him with a call. Terms moderate.
Amateurs and others who may have a desire to see his Historical and other Paintings, which were recently exhibited in this city for a short period, may do so by calling at any time between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon—free of expense. Those who may wish to have their portraits taken may call at any hour.
N. B. Mr D. possesses the art to repair any good Ancient Picture—and will be happy to attend to this line of his business, whenever any gentleman may please to favor him with a call. oct 20

Beautiful Paris Morocco Goods.
A COMPLETE assortment of very beautiful Paris manufactured Morocco Goods, of high cost and superior finish, some very expensively mounted with silver and steel. Among the assortment are Ladies' Souvenirs, Card Cases, Note Books, Needle Books, Thread Cases; Gentlemen's large and small Pocket Books, with double folds, lined throughout; Gentlemen's Wallets, different patterns and sizes.
Persons in want of nice articles of this description are invited to examine this rich collection, as the variety comprises more than one hundred different patterns.
E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-street.
Oct 20 tf

Flooring Boards, &c.
FOR sale at 65, Broad-street, a few M feet hard fine Flooring Boards, ready planed, tongued and grooved, fit for laying down without any further labor—price less than they can be furnished by any one else.
nov 5. E. COPELAND, Jr.

Merino Shirts and Drawers.
FINE Merino, Worsted, Cotton and Linen Under Shirts and Drawers, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington-street. Oct 13

Bosoms and Collars.
100 DOZEN fine Linen Shirt Bosoms; 200 do. Collars, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street, wholesale and retail. Oct 13

John H. Copp.
No. 20 STATE STREET,
HAS for sale a complete and full assortment of Fall and Winter GOODS, of rich colors and fabric. Garments made to order at short notice.
Oct 13 tf

BOSTON INK STORE.
PRINTING PRESS WAREHOUSE.
No. 32, Cornhill, Boston.
THE subscriber is now receiving a fresh and full supply of *HASTING'S PRINTING INK.* Also on hand constantly, *CLARK'S PRINTING INK.* New and second handed Smith, Tufts, and other *PRINTING PRESSES*—Stark and cut Writing Ink—Partridge's Paste Blacking and Blacking Powders—Black Ball—Blank Books—Paper—School Bibles and Testaments.
—*RED AND BLUE PRINTING INK*—
Partridge's OIL LEATHER PRESERVATIVE, for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes.
—ALSO—
INDELIBLE INK, manufactured and put up by himself in as good style and of as good quality as any ever offered in the market.
—ALSO—
GRANVILLE'S VEGETABLE LINIMENT for burns, chapped hands, inflamed wounds, humors, &c.; a good article which every family should be in possession of. JOHN PUNCHARD.
Sept 22

☞ *LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.* ☜
WRITING.
25, *Joy's Building*,
RICHARDSON'S LAURINIAN SYSTEM.
TAUGHT IN FORTY LESSONS.
MR. RICHARDSON has the pleasure of informing the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he has returned and will open his Academy on the 8th inst. in Room, No. 25, Joy's Building, for a limited period, for the purpose of instructing a few more Select Classes in the beautiful art of round-hand Penmanship. He presumes the public are sufficiently aware of the superiority of this System over all others, for acquiring a very rapid round—Mercantile hand, suited to the counting house, the student, and the gentleman; also to young masters and misses; and he would particularly assure them that they can always RETAIN it. He can refer them to many gentlemen, in some of the first houses in this city, where they can witness the surprising RAPIDITY and great SKILL in the use of the pen, acquired in a few lessons on this system.
Mr. R. would inform the public, that he has made it a study for years to accomplish what many professors of Penmanship have failed in, and he has now the pleasure of seeing daily, some new proof of his entire success, not only with those advanced in years, but with the child of only six years old—his success heretofore has been unparalleled—he now submits an Original System to a wealthy and generous community, that they may see and judge, and if satisfied, approve.
Hours of instruction, from 8, A. M. to 9, P. M. Terms very moderate.
Also, Italian running-hand, German-text, old English, and every kind of fancy Penmanship taught by Mr. R.—Specimens can be seen by applying as above.
—Mr. Richardson, Professor of Penmanship, has taught with very great success many of our first young merchants, a free, tradesmanlike style of writing, and the only form approved of, for the counting house, and merchant's ledger.
Penmanship having been of late the subject of much quackery, the undersigned cheerfully recommend him to their friends and fellow citizens.
CHARLES WELLS,
BENJAMIN RUSSELL,
WILLIAM LITTLE,
JOHN M'NEIL,
JOHN BINNEY,
WILLIAM TILESTON,
DANIEL D. BRODHEAD.
Mr. Richardson has taught members of our family with great success, and we can, with pleasure, recommend him to the public, as a young gentleman highly accomplished in the art of Penmanship.
CHARLES G. LORING,
JOSEPH V. BACON,
JOHN BRYANT,
NATHANIEL WILLIS,
LEMUEL POPE,
SAMUEL FALES,
WILLIAM WORTHINGTON,
ISAAC HALL.
Oct 6 1m

DANIEL GRAHAM,
FORMERLY in the employ of Mr. William Gallagher, at the Exchange, returns his hearty thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal patronage received from them during the eight months that he has kept the BANK COFFEE HOUSE, in Lindall-street.
Having made material repairs on the House, and having also the benefit of more experience, he would now respectfully request a continuance of the public favor. He would inform those who are not already acquainted with his Establishment, that he has attached to it a RESTORATEUR, which enables him to furnish Meals at any hour of the day, and dishes of any sort that may be desired.—He will always take a pride in providing the very best articles the market affords. Clubs and Parties can always be accommodated with Dinners or Suppers, at the shortest notice; and would also receive a few regular Boarders, or furnish Meals by the week as well as singly, on reasonable terms. tf may 26

WARREN THEATRE.
CORNER OF PORTLAND AND TRAVERSE STREETS.
☞ THE SIXTH APPEARANCE OF ☜
MRS BARRYMORE,
From the Drury Lane, London, and Park Theatres.
ON MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22d, 1832.
Will be presented a laughable Petit Comedy called the
TROUBADOURS.
Jeannette, - - - - Mrs. Barrymore.
After which, 1st time, a "New Fairy Tale," called the
KABRI.
Annalette - - - - Mrs. Barrymore.
To conclude with, 1st time, a popular Melo Drama called
PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.
☞ Box Tickets, 50 cents; Pit Tickets 25 cents.
Doors open at half past 6. Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Pradier's French Razors.
JUST received a few of these celebrated RAZORS, made by Pradier in Paris, who obtained in England a Gold Medal as a prize for tempering Steel.
E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.
oct 6 tf

A Beautiful Head of Hair
IS the grandest ornament belonging to the human frame. How strangely the loss of it changes the countenance and prematurely brings on the appearance of old age, which causes many to recoil at being uncovered, and sometimes even to shun society to avoid the jests and sneers of their acquaintance, the remainder of their lives are consequently spent in retirement. In short not even the loss of property fills the generous thinking youth, with that heavy sinking gloom as does the loss of his hair. To avert all these unpleasant circumstances, C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLOMBIA stops the hair from falling off on the first application, and a few bottles restores it again. It likewise produces eyebrows and whiskers; prevents the hair from turning grey, makes it curl beautifully, and frees it from scurf. Numerous certificates of the first respectability in support of the virtues of Oldridge's Balm, are shown by the proprietors.
☞ E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street, has just received a further supply of the London BALM OF COLOMBIA tf mar 3

William Brown,
RESTORER AND POLISHER,
NO. 10, Devonshire street, (opposite the Exchange Coffee House,) Boston, Restores and Cleanses Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons; Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits: Curtains, Cushions, &c. Also, Military Dresses, done in prime order.
Polishes Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, in a style a little superior to the best of them.
sept 22 3w

New-England Magazine.
THIS day Published by J. T. & E. BUCKINGHAM, No. XVI. of the New England Magazine, for October.
CONTENTS.
Original Papers.—Art. I. West Point. II. Female Education. III. The Schoolmaster. Chap. 5. IV. The Fortunes of Meadokaycheenah. V. The Fair Eckbert. VI. A Sonnet. Art and Nature. VII. Early American Artists and Mechanics. No. 2, Paul Revere. VIII. Horace in Boston. IX. Europe. No. 2, France. X. Dialogue between a Coffin and a Diamond Ring, on the finger of a Corpse. XI. Commencement. XII. Selections from the Papers of an Idler. No. 4. XIII. Scintillations of Science. XIV. Lines written at Sea.
Monthly Record—XV. Politics and Statistics—United States.
XVI. Literary Notices. XVII. Universities and Colleges, and Literary Societies. XVIII Obituary Notices. XIX. Our File. oct 6

London Quarterly Review.
JUST published by LILLY & WAIT, the London Quarterly Review, No. 94.
CONTENTS.
Art. I. Memoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inedites de Diderot.
II. The Birds of America, engraved from Drawings made in the U. States, By John James Audubon, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I.
III. The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.
IV. The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life.
V. The Rights of Industry.
VI. Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.
VII. History of the War of the Succession in Spain.
VIII. Mechanism of the Heavens.
IX. A letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee.
Sep 18

The True Eau de Cologne.
E. V. ASHTON, No. 130, Washington street, Boston, informs the public that he has just received 200 dozen Eau de Cologne, from Jean Maria Farina's Place Juilers a Cologne, whose distillation has been generally preferred to that of any other establishment.
E. V. A. particularly impresses on the public the necessity of purchasing the genuine Cologne, as there have lately been introduced into the market large quantities of a cheap kind, purporting to be genuine. This cheap article has nothing of Eau de Cologne but the name and outward appearance, it being made in this country from strong alcohol mixed with prussic acid and hot pungent essential oils, when taken internal is highly dangerous. The genuine Eau de Cologne owes its peculiar qualities to the grape spirit which composes it, distilled with medical herbs indigenous to the banks of the Rhine. tf mar 3

New Books.
FOR sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill,
The Life of Frederic the Great, by Lord Dover, in 2 vols. being Nos. 41 and 42 of Harper's Family Library
The Boys and Girls Library of Lives of the Apostles and Early Martyrs of the Church, by the author of Trial and Skill.
Cholera, as it recently appeared in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, including cases illustrative of its Physiology and Pathology, with a view to the establishment of sound principles of Practice, by T. M. Greenhow of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c.
Ouseley's Remarks on the Statistics, &c. of the United States.
The Heidenmauer, or the Benedictines, by the author of the Spy, Pioneer, &c. 2 vols. 12mo bds.
Also, a great variety of BOOKS.
Oct 6

Chapman's Sermons.
JUST received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill, Sermons upon the Ministry, Worship and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by G. T. Chapman, D. D. late Rector of Christ Church, Lexington. Second edition—good paper and type, at a price much reduced.
It was at the suggestion of a highly valued friend that the sermons upon the Church were prepared and their delivery was accompanied with repeated request for publication.—*Preface.*
I am satisfied with their reception, it far exceeds my most flattering anticipations I could have ventured to indulge. From many of the bishops and other clergy, commendatory letters have been received which have repaid me a thousand fold for the anxieties inseparable from a first attempt to win the approbation of an enlightened community.—*Preface 2d edition.* Sept 8

Washington Hotel,
NEW YORK.
THIS extensive and well known establishment, heretofore conducted by Mr. James Hamilton, is now continued by the subscriber; who hopes, by constant exertions, to sustain the good reputation of the house.—Gentlemen with ladies, and families can be pleasantly accommodated with parlors and lodging rooms adjoining. Dinner and supper parties, society meetings, &c. provided for on the most reasonable terms. Permanent boarders, and merchants from the country, will find the charges reasonable. The best wines and liquors constantly on hand; and the tables supplied with the luxury and variety of the different seasons. The location of the house being 232 Broadway, near the Park, is not surpassed by any other in the city. HENRY JOHNSON.
New York, June 1.

Cox's Journey.
ADVENTURES on the Columbia River, including the narrative of a residence of six years on the Western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a journey across the American Continent. By Ross Cox. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill. m 5

Patent Stock Frames,
7-8 AND inch Stock and Suspender Buckles, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. sept 22

SECOND EDITION.

THE COMMENTATOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1832.

NARROW ESCAPE. This forenoon, about 11 o'clock an elderly gentleman, a highly respectable merchant, was passing down Central wharf, when a bale of merchandise, thrown out of the second story of Messrs. J & T. H. Perkins's store, struck him on the head, and knocked him down between some other bales, which alone prevented his being crushed to death. It is hoped that this accident may prove a warning to those who so often violate the laws of the city, which provides that nothing shall be thrown from the lofts of any building into the street.—*Transcript.*

We are happy in being able to announce, says the New York American, the return among us, in perfect health, of Major General Winfield Scott.

PENNSYLVANIA. At the re-assembling of the National Republican Convention at Harrisburgh, on the 15th inst. at which 111 members attended, a resolution was passed, adopting the electoral ticket recommended by the Anti-Jackson Convention, which met at Harrisburgh on the last anniversary of the birth day of Washington. There will now be but one Constitutional electoral ticket in Pennsylvania; and the friends of our country, and the laws, will march there to the polls and to victory, in one unbroken phalanx.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

SOUTH CAROLINA. The crisis is evidently at hand in South Carolina. The Nullifiers have apparently carried the State at the recent election. The "Charleston State Rights and Free Trade Evening Post" of the 11th inst. gives election returns of *seven* Senators, *five* of whom are nullifiers, and *two* "union" men. These added to the present members give the state of parties in the Senate so far as known, *nineteen* nullifiers, to *seven* unionists. Of the House of Representatives the returns thus far give *twenty-eight* nullifiers and *four* unionists. Sixteen of the twenty-eight are from Charleston, elected by a majority of about 130.

MOB LAW. Last evening, says the Charleston Patriot, of the 10th inst., a mob headed by a man named Winges, in the employ of the Hon. the City Council, came to the store of a German named John Shachte, in King street, and broke the blinds and demolished a part of the Crockery ware. Mr. Shachte repeatedly warned them that he would protect his house while the mobs were throwing bricks at it—and that he would shoot them if they persisted. They still persisted, and a pistol loaded with duck shot was finally discharged by one who was defending the premises, and shot Winges, as it is said, in the leg.

The Guard did not interfere to protect Mr. Shachte, until after the affray was over. The mob threatened to come back with hooks to pull the house down. The house is the house of a Union man. The mob were Nullifiers. Mr. Shachte has addressed the following letter to the Intendant:

To the Hon. the Intendant of Charleston.

SIR—I am a German, an adopted citizen, and while peaceably pursuing my business in my own store, my house was attacked by a mob, led on by one Winges, who is employed, and in the pay of the City Council at the Guard House.—My premises were filled with brick-bats, and threats held out that my house would be torn down. In defence of my home a friend who was with me fired and shot Winges, he believes, in the leg. Should this ruffian assault be renewed, it will be my duty to protect myself and property, and if lives are lost, the responsibility must rest on those who have the charge of the public peace. I was assaulted because I was a Union man. The assault was by a mob gathered in the lower part of the city. I reside next to Boundary street in King street.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
JOHN SHACHTE.

The truth of the facts above stated sworn to before me 10th Oct. 1832,
J. B. THOMPSON, N. P.

The Westchester Herald, of the 16th inst. says:—"We are highly gratified to learn, by a letter received in this village, from the Secretary of War, that our distinguished fellow-citizen the Hon. William Jay, of Bedford, has been appointed by the President of the United States, one of the Commissioners "to adjust all unsettled matters with the Western Indians." To this Commission we understand is entrusted the important object of investigation and reporting upon the proposition of government for establishing the Indians upon a tract of country provided for them west of the Mississippi—and for the especial purpose of adjusting the long agitated Cherokee Question. The gentlemen composing this Commission are requested to repair immediately to Fort Gibson, in the Territory of Arkansas."

WHEELING, Oct. 13. *Bank Robbery.*—Two more bags of the specie taken from the Bank, containing upwards of $900, were found on Wednesday last, between Market and Main-streets, at the upper end of the town.

It is not certainly known how the robbers accomplished an entrance into the Bank, but it is generally supposed it was with a false key. In the inside they found the key of the vault. The money was in a remarkably strong iron chest; this they forced open with levers.

DEATHS

Reported at the Health Office, in Boston, for the week ending October 20th, at 12 o'clock M.

October	13	Andrew Marsterson	25 years.
"	14	Sarah Maria Emerson	24 "
"	"	Edward K. Miller	4 "
"	"	Joseph Eustis	70 "
"	"	John Wells	60 "
"	15	Joseph P. Hart	27 "
"	"	Thomas P. Baxnes	32 "
"	"	Elizabeth Callender	57 "
"	"	Elizabeth Gragg	20 months.
"	"	William Pearson	54 years.
"	16	Bridget Duggen	28 "
"	"	James Tibbets	35 "
"	"	Charles Hood	45 "
"	"	John Bean	40 "
"	"	Joanna Donhoe	2 months.
"	"	Edwin Chester	11 "
"	17	Stedman Farwell	41 years.
"	"	Thomas Finoughty	16 months.
"	"	William P. Libby	1 "
"	"	Child of Franklin Brown	3 "
"	"	Hannah M. Wheelwright	3 years.
"	18	Job Green	50 "
"	"	George T. Hawes	43 "
"	"	Arther Gribben	3 "
"	"	Elias Watson	60 "
"	"	John M. Park	2 "
"	"	Mary Ann Waters	15 months.
"	19	Thomas Lee	24 years.
"	"	Sidney Hayes	32 "
"	"	Bean Ludden	32 "
"	"	Ruth Bartlett	49 "
"	20	Daughter of Geo. W. Foster	3 weeks
"	"	George Rosses	22 years.
"	"	Jacob Sanborn	6 months.

Diseases—Apoplexy, 1—burn, 1—brain fever, 1—cholera malignant, 6—consumption, 4—cholera infantum, 1—croup, 2—canker in the bowels, 1—dropsy in the brain, 1—disease of the glands, 1—delirium tremens, 2—infantile, 3—inflammation of the bowels, 1—intemperance, 1—lung fever, 2—marasmus, 1—old age, 1—scarlet fever, 1—typhus fever, 1—throat distemper, 1—unknown, 1
Males, 24—Females, 10. Still Born, 2.
SAMUEL H. HEWES,
Superintendent of Burial Grounds

CHOLERA.

PENNSYLVANIA. The cholera has broken out with great violence in Chambersburg; there were seven deaths from Saturday morning to Sunday evening; and a number of persons attacked on Sunday. The alarm in Chambersburg is said to be without precedent. The Supreme Court broke up immediately.

RICHMOND, Va. The cholera has so far subsided, that the Board of Health have determined to report weekly. In Northumberland county it has been very fatal.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. The Board of Health report on the 10th inst. three cases all fatal.

SHIPPING JOURNAL.

PORT OF BOSTON.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20.

ARRIVED.

Brig Cordelia, Lane, Halifax, 10th inst. Left brig St Michaels, Smith, Pictou, same day; schrs Susan & Phebe, Studley, fm Philad, dis; Wm Henry, O'Brien, do York, same day; sch Constitution, of N London, fm Labrador, was going in. Spoke 14th, off Liverpool, sch Mary, fm Philad for Halifax.

Br packet Emily, from Halifax, with the Falmouth mail.

Schrs Free Trade, Small, Bangor; Bolivar, Swazey, N Bedford.

Sloop Truth, Nickerson, Provincetown.

CLEARED.

Ship James Perkins, Crowell, Savannah.

Brigs Bilbow, Bagardus, Bremen; Sarah Louisa Snow, Mobile; Rome, Davis, Savannah; Flamingo, Portland; Sarah, Berker, do; Baltimore, Towne, Sidney.

Schrs Hannah Rebecca, Warren, St Domingo; April, Taylor, Fredericksburg; Mitsic, New York; Oshosh, Albany; Geo Washington, Nantucket; Mary & Hannah, Wareham; Sace, Miller, Providence; Boundary, Eastport; Superior, Lord, Ellsworth; Widow, Castine; Rose of Boat, Gardiner; North Star, Bath; Boston, do; Dolphin, Belcher, do; Frances, Pettibone, Wiscasset; Eastern Star, Portsmouth; Wm Tell, Dover.

Sloops Boston Packet, Portsmouth; Iris, Gloucester; Glide, Norwich; Atalanta, Plymouth.

At 5, P. M.—Brigs Vesta, Baltimore; Fairy, Wing, Philadelphia.

Schrs Reaper, Alexandria; Caroline, Baltimore; Traveller, Norfolk; Independence, do; Pequot and Cooper, N York; Sally Hope, Providence; Ann, Hartford; Sidney, Hallowell; Napoleon, Pittston; Eliza, Brunswick; Adam and Echo, Saco; Dover Packet, Dover; Volusia, Newburyport; Sea Flower, Salem.

NEW YORK, Oct 18—ar ship Portia Rio Janeiro, 2 Sept. Sailed in co with brig Eight Sons, for Cowes.

Schrs Gen Brooks, Dowse, Manzanilla, 16. Left schr Saco, of Boston, loading.

Cl brigs

MISCELLANIES.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF JOHN COLTER.

Mr Bradbury, in his travels in the interior of North America, relates the following singular adventure af a man named John Colter:

"Colter came to St. Louis, in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.—They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians, making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he levelled his rifle at the indian, and shot him dead on the spot.—This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effects of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "*he was made a riddle of.*" They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seized him by the shoulder asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Keekatso or Crow Indians, had a considearble degree acquired the Blackfeet language, and was also well acquainted with the Indian custom; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and he led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could.* At this instant the horrid war whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth; abounding with prickly pear on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians very much scattered, and that he gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than ninety or one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter, he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibilty; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer.—Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place stopped till others came to join them, when set they up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter; who although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton tree wood on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged.—He dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "*like so many devils.*" They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of prickle pear: he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at least seven day's journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances, under which, almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the Fort in seven days; having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *psoralea esculenta.*

SPORTING IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

In deer stalking, and, indeed, all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out,—that is bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods, punk, that is, German tinder, a fungous excrescence of the maple, and a flint. With this and the back of his knife, a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather tight. And in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow up on the walls so as to excludes the wind.

When a bear runs away with one of your pigs, there is no use in going after him, hallooing, without a gun. You may scare him away from the mutilated carcase, but it will make indifferent pork; since, not being bred in Leadenhall or Whitechapel, he has but a slovenly way of slaughtering. But trace to where he has dragged it, and near sunset let self and friend hide themselves within easy distance, and he will be certain to come for his supper, which, like all sensible animals, he prefers to any other meal. Nay, it is highly probable, if he possesses the gallantry which a well bred bear had ought to have, he will bring Mrs. Bruin and all the children along with him, and you can transact business with the whole family at once.

In hunting the bear, take all the curs in the village along with you. Game dogs are useless for this purpose; for unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces or hugged to death for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree,* where he can be shot. The bear of Canada is seldom dangerous. He is always ready to enter into a treaty, similar to what my Lord Brougham negotiated lately with Lord Londonderry, viz. let be for let be—but if wounded, he is dangerous in the extreme. You should always, therefore, hunt him in couples, and have a shot in reserve, or a goodly cudgel, ready to apply to the root of his nose, where he is as invulnerable as Achilles was in the heel. Some ludicrous stories are told of bear hunting; for Bruin is rather a humorist in his way. A friend of mine with his surveying party, ten men in all, once treed a very large one, they immediately cut clubs, and set to work to fell the tree. Bruin seemed inclined to maintain his position, till the tree began to lean, when he slid down to about fifteen feet from the ground, and then clasped his fore paws over his head and let himself tumble amongst them. Every club was raised, but Bruin was on the alert; he made a charge upon the man immediately in front, and escaped with two or three thumps on the rump, which he valued not one pin.

When once they have killed a pig, if you do not manage to kill the bear, you will never keep one hog; for they will come back till they have taken the last of them;—they will even invade the sacred precincts of the pig stye. An Irishman in the Newcastle district once caught a bear *flagrante delicto*, dragging a hog over the walls of a pew. Pat instead of assailing the bear, thought only of securing his property; so he jumped into the stye, and seized the pig by the tail. Bruin having hold of the ears, they had a dead pull for possession, till the whilli-looing of Pat, joined to the plaintive notes of his *protege*, brought a neighbor to his assistance, who decided the contest in Pat's favor, by knocking the assailant on the head. A worthy friend of mine, of legal profession, and now high in office in the colony, once, when a young man, lost his way in the woods, and seeing a high stump, clambered up it with the hope of looking around him. While standing on the top of it for this purpose, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the hollow of the tree, beyond the power of extricating himself. While bemoaning there his hard fate, and seeing no prospect before him, save that of a lingering death by starvation, the light above his head was suddenly excluded and his view of the sky, his only prospect, shut out by the intervention of a dense medium, and by and by he felt the hairy posteriors of a bear descend upon him. With the courage of despair he seized fast hold of Bruin behind, and by this means was dragged once into upper day. Nothing, surely, but the instinct of consanguinity could have induced Bruin thus to extricate his distressed brother.—*St. Andrews Courant.*

*"*Tree-to,'*—an American verb active, signifying to make any animal take to a tree.

Pulmonary Balsam.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM. This truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following new Certificates are offered for

PUBLIC EXAMINATION!

TO THE PUBLIC.

I, Daniel P. Brayman, of Richmondtown, R. I. felt it a duty to acquaint the public, that I have received the most unexpected relief in a severe complaint of the lungs, from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. For three years previous to my trial of the Balsam, I had a severe pain in my breast, violent cough, frequent raising of blood attended with great prostration of strength. For the principal part of the above time, I was under the care of a skilful Physician in Boston, who employed beside many internal medicines, blistering, Setons, &c. without any improvement in my case. Two months since I commenced with the Balsam, and have now taken two bottles! I am now able to labor most part of the time, have ceased to raise blood and am almost entirely relieved of my cough.

DANIEL P. BRAYMAN.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1831.

Doctor Jeremiah Ellsworth, of Silver Creek, New York, states in a letter to the proprietors, February 1830, that from personal acquaintance with the salutary effects of the V. P. Balsam, he can most confidently reccommend it to those who are threatened with serious affections of the lungs.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—From the time that the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam* was first prepared by Messrs. Reed & Howard, it has been used in nearly all cases of Coughs and Pulmonary Affections, which have occurred in my family and I have reccommended it to many others, and carefully inquired respecting its effects. I have never known it produce any injury; and, except in confirmed Consumption, it has never failed in affording relief. Several cases have occurred in my own family, and others among my acquaintance, in which the attending physicians have preferred administering other medicines for the diseases for which this Balsam is designed. No other medicine, however, has proved equally efficacious; and in several instances, when the other medicines had been used without effect for many weeks, the Balsam was at length resorted to, and speedily effected a cure. I find the printed directions which accompany the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, to be safe and judicious; and I would reccommend that they be carefully observed.

Respectfully your obt. servt.

SAMUEL WORCESTER.

Brighton, Dec. 7, 1830.

Price 50 cents.

For sale by LOWE & REED, 24 & 26, Merchants Row, T. Farington, 44, Hanover-st.; J. P. Hall, 1, Union-st.; Maynard & Noyes, 13, Cornhill; Brewer & Brothers, 90, and J. I. Brown, 425, Washington-street; E. L. Eliot, 271, Washington-street; J. F. Eliot, 81, Hanover-street; B. Lincoln, 33, Prince-street; Isaac T. Dupee, 134, Hanover-street, Boston.

S. Kidder & Co. Charlestown; Whitten & Wheeler, Cambridgeport; E. Porter, Salem; G. H. Carleton, Lowell; J. Green & Co. Worcester; J. Coe, Portland Me. and by most Druggists throughout New-England.

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Brewster's Encyclopedia,

IMPROVED. Just published and received by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill, late Market street, volume 17, part 2, of the American Edition of the new Edinburgh Encyclopedia, conducted by David Brewster, LL. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Assisted by upwards of one hundred Gentlemen in Europe, most eminent in Science and in Literature, and now improved, for the greater satisfaction and better information of the people of the United States, in the Civil, Religious and Natural History of their Country; in American Biography, and in the great discoveries in Mechanics and the Arts.

The Editor of the American Edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, with great pleasure embraces the opportunity afforded by the publication of the 34th number, to announce to his numerous subscribers the completion of this valuable work in Edingburgh; the latter numbers have been published there within a few months and contain about 70 engravings, many of which are necessary to render the former volumes complete; these numbers have now been received, and such arrangements have been made as enable the Editor, with great confidence, to assure the subscribers that the American Edition will be completed in two additional numbers, and ready for delivery soon.

The Original & Genuine Cologne Water.

MANUFACTURED at Cologne by Francis Maria Farina, the most ancient distiller.

It would be absurd to endeavor to recommend this water for a universal remedy, as it would be superfluous to exaggerate its qualities by extravagant eulogiums; its admirable properties are every where known, and are every day acquiring greater celebrity.

This water, which is made of the finest and most delicate aromatics of the vegetable kingdom, is particularly distinguished by its volatile spirit, its perfume, and its reviving power. It possesses essentially the virtue of softening the skin, embellishing the complexion, and giving to the body a superior degree of elasticity, qualities which cause it to be preferred by the fair sex and people of good taste, to all known cosmetics. It is made use of to purify the air, and to cleanse bad atmospheres, by spreading its odoriferous and corrective properties. Its effects are as salutary as they are agreeable and innocent, and it may be used without fear, except that it is necessary to take the precaution of never going near the fire or a light with it, because it is capable of taking fire suddenly and dangerously. Its refreshing odour is not only preserved in all its vigor and without alteration, but it grows softer by age. It has a singular effect on the brain, which is relieved by it in head ache by inhaling it through the nostrils. It strengthens the sight and quiets pains in the eyes, if a compress wet with it be laid on the eyelids. In toothache, a spoonful of this water, in two of well water, must be held as long as possible in the mouth. It is used with the best effect by means of a compress in burns, tumors caused by falls and contusions. It dissipates, finally, pains in the side, false pleurisies caused by the wind, or cold humors, caused by means of rubbing it on the part affected.

☞Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to supply themselves with best Cologne Water in the country, may be sure of obtaining the same by applying to the subscriber.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.

Sept 1 tf

From the London Advertiser.

THE Ladies are requested to peruse the following:—

Loughborough, May 21st, 1832.

Gentlemen,—I have had several testimonials of the good effects of your invaluable Balm of Columbia—one lady in particular, who had a fine head of hair which fell off from small dandiff or scurf. She was recommended to use your Balm, and after using two six shilling bottles her hair was completely restored and is as thick and healthy as ever; several others, both Ladies and Gentlemen, have found it agreeably beneficial, and almost every case where I have seen it tried it has not only stopped the hair from falling off but has restored it again.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

W. BUSH.

To Messrs. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, No 1, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

☞Oldridge's Balm of Columbia☜

prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of certificates of the first respectability are shown by the proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, and others who vend the same.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street, has just received a new supply of the London Balm of Columbia.

aug 11 tf

The Shrine.

THIS day published by COTTONS & BARNARD,—The Shrine, No. 2, Vol. 1. Conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College. Contents:—Eloquence—The Dying Milanese—English Bards; Wm. Wordsworth—To Laura—The Writings of Junius—The Pursuit of Truth—The Renunciation—The Oath—The Character of David—Night—Solitude—Misapplication of Talent—Conversation on Painting, Sculpture and Poetry—Sonnet; to a Lady—Literary Notices—Editors' Remarks—To Correspondents.

Subscriptions received at COTTONS & BARNARD's, No. 184 Washington street. June 30

BOOKS.

DOMESTIC Manners in America, by Mrs. Trollope.

Also, the Excellency of the Liturgy. Four discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1831. Also, a University Sermon; containing the Churchman's Confession or an appeal to the Liturgy. By Rev. Charles Simon, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Second Am. edition.

Also, Remarks made on a Tour to Prairie Du Chien, thence to Washington City, in 1829; by Caleb Atwater, late Commissioner employed by the U. S. to negotiate with the Indians of the Mississippi for the purchase of Mineral Country, and author of Western Antiquities.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20, Cornhill. july 14

The Genuine Oxygen Soap.

THE Oxygen Soap, as a cosmetic, and for shaving, stands unrivalled. It is a composition in which pure caustic alkali is exhibited in its mildest form, united with a large portion of Oxygen—a substance so well known to be essential to life, that it has obtained in its gaseous form, the name of vital air.

All acquainted with the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy, are aware of the effect the inspiration of pure Oxygen Gas has on the human system; through the medium of the lungs, it invigorates the blood and causes a free and healthy circulation—it imparts to it its principles of vitality and gives its peculiar scarlet hue. Some celebrated French Physicians have recommended the respiration of Oxygen Gas as a sovereign remedy in all consumptive cases.

So in external applications, especially when aided by the cleansing virtues of Soap, it has a similar effect, it renders the skin soft and pliable, and preserves it in a healthy state; it gives it the bloom and purity of youth, and by its invigorating and strengthening qualities, enables the skin to perform its functions, known to be so necessary in the economy of nature for the preservation of beauty and the enjoyment of health. It removes all cutaneous eruptions, and is recommended as the best remedy for roughness of the hands, freckles, &c. that has ever been offered to the public.

☞*E. V. ASHTON*, 130 Washington-street, has just received a fresh supply of the Oxygen Soap, and for sale by the dozen or single square at reduced prices.

July 7

The True Macassar Oil.

THE public are cautioned against purchasing Macassar Oil with any other than the Original Proprietors, "A. Rowland & Son's" names upon it, as some unprincipled speculators have had the audacity to put upon the outside wrapper the name "Rowlandson" by way of deception; others have had the barefacedness to attach their own names to the spurious, calling themselves Wholesale Sole Agents for the genuine. To guard against these impositions, the undersigned informs the public that he has just received from A. Rowland & Son one case of fresh Maccassar Oil, each bottle of which has their name and no other upon it, which he has orders and is now selling at $5,75 the dozen and 62 1-2 cents the single bottle.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-st.

Sept 22

A WORD

FOR the Church: consisting of the "Churchman and the High Churchman Vindicated," two Episcopal charges by the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D. with an appendix of authorities and a preliminary notice, by George W. Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20 Cornhill. aug 25

Theological Library, No. 1.

JUST received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill, The Life of Wiclif, by Charles Webb Le Bass, M.A. Professor in the East India College, Herts, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. June 23

American Quarterly Review,

NO. XXII.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, The American Quarterly Review, No. 22, for June, 1831.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. The Public Domain—Annual Report of the Treasury Department, at the opening of the First Session of the Twenty-second Congress.

II. Flint's Mississippi Valley—The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley. To which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic U. States, and the whole American Continent. 2d ed. By Timothy Flint, author of "Recollections of the last ten years in the Mississippi Valley."

III. Lord Dover's Frederick the Second—The Life of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover.

IV. The Tariff Question—New York Tariff Address—Free Trade Memorial and Supplement. Debate in the Senate on Mr. Clay's Resolutions.

V. Oxford Prize Essays—The Oxford English Prize Essays.

VI. Bouchette's British North America—The British Dominions in N. America, or a Topographical and Statistical Description of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Islands of Newfoundland, Prince Edward, and Cape Breton, including Considerations on Land Granting, &c. By Joseph Bouchette, Esq. Surveyor General of Lower Canada, Lt. Col. C. M. &c. &c.

Messuage of the President of the U. States, transmitting the Correspondence between this Government and that of Great Britain, on the subject of the claims of the two Governments to the Territory West of the Rocky Mountains.

VII. Life of Gouverneur Morris—The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers; detailing Events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States. By Jared Sparks.

VIII. Doctrine of Probabilities—Library of Useful Knowledge. On Probability. Parts I and II. Report from the Select Committee on Life Annuities. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed 4th June, 1829. Report of John Finlaison, Actuary of the National Debt, on the Evidence and Elementary Facts on which the Tables of Life Annuities are Founded. Ordered by the House of Commons, to be printed, 31st March, 1829. A comparative view of the various Institutions for the Assurance of Lives. By Charles Babbage, Esq. M. A. &c.

IX. West Point Academy—United States Military Academy. Reports of Boards of Visiters, &c. june 9

John H. Copp,

NO. 20, STATE STREET,

(North side City Hall,)

HAS constantly on hand and for sale, a choice assortment of superfine

French,
English and
American Broadcloth.

Also, best double mill'd West of England Cassimeres such as

Black,	Drab,
Blue,	Brown,
Steel mix'd,	Olive,
Oxford do.	Pearl,
Sage,	Lavender,
Adelaide,	Leopold cords, and
Royal Reform Stripes;	

With a general assortment of Fancy Goods, which will be sold at low and satisfactory prices.

Garments made in the most fashionable style, at short notice, and warranted to suit or no sale.

French and English cloths, of the highest cost, and superior finish, may be found at all times.

oct 22 tf

White's Natural History of Selborne.

JUST published by CAREY & LEA, the Natural History of Selborne, by the late Rev. Gilbert White, A. M. Fellow of the Oriel College, Oxford, with additions, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. F. R. S. E. L. F. S. M. W. S., author of "Illustrations of Ornithology."

"White's History of Selborne," the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that has ever issued from the press.—*Athenæum.*

C. & L. have lately published, the Book of the Seasons, or the Calendar of Nature.

"The Book of the Seasons is a delightful book, and recommended to all lovers of nature."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Journal of a Naturalist.

"The Journal of a Naturalist, being the second number of Carey & Lea's beautiful edition of the Cabinet Library, is the best treatise on subjects connected with this train of thought, that we have for a long time perused, and we are not at all surprised that it should have received so high and flattering encomiums from the English press generally."—*Boston Traveller.*

Salmonia; or, Days of Fly Fishing, by Sir Humphrey Davy.

"One of the most delightful labors of leisure ever seen not a few of the most beautiful phenomena of nature are here lucidly explained."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

John H. Copp,

20 STATE STREET, has for sale a rich assortment of French, English and American *BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS.*

Also—a large quantity of Ready Made Clothing.

april 14 tf

Greenhow on Cholera.

THIS day is published, by CAREY & LEA, Cholera, as it recently appeared in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, including cases illustrative of its Physiology and Pathology with a view to the establishment of sound principles of Practice, by T. M. Greenhow, (of Newcastle upon Tyne,) Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c. In one volume octavo. Sept 8

Dr. MOORE's ESSENCE of LIFE

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Certificate of the Hon. Daniel Buck, late Member of Congress.

I hereby certify, that for eighteen years past I have been most of the time troubled with a tedious cough, occasioned by a catarrhal affection; that in the course of last summer and fall its increase, accompanied with strictures upon the lungs, night sweats, cold chills, temporary heats, a general wasting of flesh and diminution of strength, and a constant fever, strongly indicated an approaching consumption. That though I applied to sundry physicians, and made use of various medicines, I obtained no relief until I committed myself to the care of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE. This was in November last. He liberally administered his Pectoral Drops, or Essence of Life. In less than twenty-four hours after taking this medicine, I found myself in a degree relieved, and I impute the change almost entirely to the use of the Essence. My night sweats, cold chills, and temporary heats have wholly subsided, my fever has much abated, my cough has nearly left me, and I now exhibit every appearance of returning health.

DANIEL BUCK.

Norwich, (Vt.) Feb. 17, 1804.

Certificate of the Hon. Jason Duncan.

I hereby certify that I have made use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE's Essence of Life in my family, in coughs, and when there was an obstruction upon the lungs, and it has ever given prompt relief. I also have frequently heard of, and by people who have apparently been in a declining state of health, with their lungs affected, and attended with a cough, that on application of the above-mentioned Essence, they received immediate relief. I also, from the experience and information I have received, fully believe it to be a valuable discovery, and that it will prove very beneficial to the public.

JASON DUNCAN.

Dummerston, March 12, 1804.

The undersigned, Ministers of the Gospel in the county of Windham, Vermont, knowing the salutary efficacy of Doctor Jonathan Moore's "Essence of Life," having used it ourselves and in our families, consider it a valuable composition; particularly useful and efficacious in removing complaints of the lungs; and indeed a safe and restorative medicine in the various diseases named in the Doctor's accompanying label; and do most cheerfully recommend its general use, believing it well worthy the patronage of the public.

ELISHA D. ANDREWS, Putney.
CHANDLER BATES,
PHILETUS CLARK,
HOSEA BECKLY, Dummerston.
SYLVESTER SAGE, Westminster
JED'H L. STARK, Brattleboro'.

October 8th, 1806.

Certificate of the Hon. Stephen R. Bradley.

I, STEPHEN R. BRADLEY, of Westminster, in Vermont, do certify, that I have been for some time well acquainted with the good effects of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE's Essence of Life, in my own family and others; and can recommend it to be an extreme safe and useful Family Medicine, in Colds, Coughs, and all disorders of the lungs and breast; in the Hooping Cough, and all spasmodic complaints; and make no doubt the citizens of America would receive great benefit in a more general use of the same. And being personally acquainted with Dr. Moore, and finding him to be a discreet and well informed man, I cannot but hope he will receive all due encouragement.

STEPHEN R. BRADLEY, LL. D.

Westminster, Sept. 2, 1805.

Certificate of the Rev. Aaron Hall.

This certifies that I have made use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE's ESSENCE OF LIFE, for myself, when there was an obstruction upon my lungs, and have found special relief; and from popular report must believe it of eminent usefulness, especially to debilitated habits. It appears to me to be a valuable discovery, and that it may be of eminent service to the human species.

AARON HALL.

Keene, May 8, 1804.

Certificate from the Hon. Phineas White, Member of Congress.

The subscriber hereby certifies, that he has for more than three years past, frequently in cases of coughs, obstructions upon the lungs, and difficulty of breathing, experienced the happy and salutary effect of the use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE's Essence of Life, and has witnessed the same in others, and verily believes it to be a most salutary and efficacious medicine.

PHINEAS WHITE.

Certificate from Dana Miller, Esq. Attorney at Law, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Having had frequent occasion, within the year past, to use Dr. MOORE's Essence of Life in my family, I cheerfully confirm the public opinion in favor of its general utility, and recommend it as peculiarly efficacious in the Hooping Cough.

DANA MILLER.

Bellows Falls, January 11, 1823.

Certificate from Capt. J. Tilden, of Hartford, Vermont.

This may certify to all whom it may concern, that I, the subscriber, have for a number of years been personally acquainted with Dr. J. Moore's Essence of Life, and find it to be a very efficacious medicine in many diseases in our own family, and among our neighbors. I have one child that was given over for an incurable case by my physicians. We made preparations for the last solemn duty we owe to a fellow mortal. The doctors observed, it made no difference what the child took—it was out of reach of medicine. I had recourse to the Essence of Life. To my great surprise, it gave my child relief, which I have every reason to believe we should have lost, if the medicine had not been freely used. I can cheerfully recommend the Essence to my friends, and the public in general.

JOSIAH TILDEN

To all whom it may concern.

We, the undersigned Physicians, who have proved the efficacy of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE's Essence of Life, conceive it our duty to patronize the Medicine, and are of opinion that, if generally used, it will be of public utility.

DR. ABEL DUNCAN, } Dummerston.
" SAMUEL STEARNS, LL. D. }
" WILLIAM TOWN, }
" JONATHAN BADGER, } Westminster.
" NATHAN STONE, Rowlane.
" PRESCOTT HALL, Chesterfield.
" PHINEAS PACKHURST, Lebanon, N. H.
" CHARLES BLAKE, Northfield, Mass.
" ABRAM HOLLAND, Newfane, Vt.
" C. W. CHANDLER, Andover, Vt.

☞EBENEZER WIGHT, Agent for the Proprietor, Milk Street, opposite Federal Street, Boston; where the above Medicine may be had at all times, and in any quantity.

nov 12 eowtf

The People's Library.

OR, Encyclopædia Americana, vol 9 Just published by CAREY & LEA, and sold in Philadelphia by E. L. Carey & A. Hart; in New York by G. & C. & H. Carvill; in Boston by Carter & Hendee; in Baltimore by E. J. Coale, and W. & J. Neal; in Washington by Thompson & Homans; in Richmond by J. H. Nash; in Savannah by W. T. Williams; in Charleston by W. H. Berett; in New Orleans by W. M'Kean; in Mobile by N. Odiorne & Smith; and by the principal Booksellers throughout the Union.

Volume 9,—containing about 1,500 articles.

(To be continued at intervals of every three months.)

Of the Encyclopædia Americana, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History and Politics, brought down to the present time, and including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford, Esqrs. In 12 large vols Octavo, price to subscribers, bound in cloth, $2 1-2, each Each volume contains between 600 and 700 pages.

"The editors and publishers should receive the thanks of the present generation, and the gratitude of posterity, for being the first to prepare in this language what deserves to be entitled not the Encyclopædia Americana, but the People's Library." *N. Y. Cour. & Enq.* april 21

The New England Coffee House,

BUILT by John D. Williams, Esq. in Clinton-street, is now open for the reception of company by FREDERICK BOYDEN.

N. B. There is a good Stable attached to the establishment. july 28

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia,

VOLUME 17.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, History of Spain and Portugal, vol. 1, being Vol. 17 of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.

"A general history of the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula, is a great desideratum in our language, and we are glad to see it begin under such favorable auspices; we have seldom met with a narrative which fixes attention more steadily, and bears the readers mind along more pleasantly."

Volume 2 is now at press. July 14

Encyclopædia Americana,

VOL. 10.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, Encyclopædia Americana, Vol. 10, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics and Biography, brought down to the present time, including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the Basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversation Lexicon, edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by E. Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford. July 14

Webster on Pestilence.

CAREY & LEA have for sale, A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, with the Principal Phenomena of the Physical World which precede and accompany them, and Observations deduced from the facts stated. In 2 vols. 8 vo. By Noah Webster.

New Novel.

EUGENE ARAM, a tale by the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," &c. being Nos. 19 and 20 Library of Select Novels. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20, Cornhill. feb 25

A Practical Treatise on Rail Roads,

AND interior communication in general. Containing an account of the performances of the different locomotive engines at and subsequent to the Liverpool contest, upwards of two hundred and sixty experiments, with tables of the comparative value of canals and railroads, and the power of the locomotive engines. Illustrated by numerous engravings. By Nicholas Wood, Colliery Viewer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. First American from the second English edition. With corrections, notes and additions. Also, an appendix, containing a detailed account of a number of Railroads in Europe, and in the United States. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20, Cornhill. June 16

Snell on Teeth.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, a Practical Guide to Operations on the Teeth, to which is prefixed a Historical Sketch of the rise and progress of Dental Surgery, by James Snell, Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 1 vol. 8vo with plates. aug 18

India Rubber Suspenders!

FOR Sale by JOHN H. COPP, 20, State str't, a fine assortment of French and English Rubber and Silk Suspenders. mar 24

Mr. Whitman's Address,

DELIVERED at the Dedication of the Masonic Temple, just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill. June 30

A Queer Book.

IN press, and will speedily be published by CAREY & LEA,

A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepard, 1 vol; Kloterheme, or the Masque, by the English Opium Eater; England and France, or a cure of the Ministerial Gallomania. June 25

Benjamin's Practical House CARPENTER

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN'S PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER; being a complete development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple, and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Tonic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and "The Rudiments of Architecture." jan 21

Female Sovereigns.

JUST published, Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson, authoress of The Diary of an Ennuyee, &c. in 2 two vols. being Nos. 33 and 34 of Harper's Family Library. For sale at 18 and 20 Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS. July 21

Removal.

WILLIAM BROWN, has removed from his old stand, No. 5, corner of Water and Devonshire streets, to No. 10, Devonshire street, in the rear of the Exchange Coffee House, where he respectfully tenders his services to the public, and in particular to his friends and patrons, and informs them that he carries on the useful art of Cleansing Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons, &c. freeing them from all spots or stains and restoring them to their original color.

He also cleanses Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits. Likewise Cushions, Curtains, &c. all of which he will execute with his accustomed expedition, for a reasonable compensation.

Also, all Military Dresses cleansed in the first order.

N. B.—If general satisfaction is not given the money will be refunded. 2m april 14

Harper's Family Library.

Nos. 36.

CONTAINING Turner's Sacred History of the World.

Also, the whole Library from 1 to 32, making a complete and uniform set.

Also, the second part of the North American Arithmetic, uniting oral and written exercises, in corresponding chapters. By Frederick Emerson, late principal in the department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston.

Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20, Cornhill.

Country traders and schoolmasters supplied on the most liberal terms. July 7

Balsamic Vinegar of Florence,

PREPARED by Dissy & Piver, Paris. Of all the acids made use of for the toilet this Florence preparation is the only one that has as yet been distinguished for its good qualities above others for the same use. From its remarkable properties, it is at Florence considered indispensable in dress and for the preservation of health and neatness. It is a gentle Oxymel aperitive and very refreshing, exceedingly useful in removing the heats of the skin, pimples, and curing or preventing the existence of all disorders of the kind. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient to form a beautiful orgeat milk, which is used with great success in removing the heat and relieving the smarting caused by the action of the Razor and is extremely pleasant in the daily washing and bathing.

It is a perfect specific against the Cholera, and all contagion; its aromatic and balsamic odour purifies the most unhealthy atmosphere, and gives to rooms the most agreeable perfume. A fresh supply of the Balsamic Vinegar of Florence just received from France, via New York, in ship Albany, and for sale by E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street. 6is

LION TAVERN—Re-opened.

WASHINGTON-STREET.

AMOS ALLEN, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the well known stand, long known as the LION TAVERN, in Washington-street. No expense has been spared in fitting it up in a convenient and elegant manner. The Bar, CELLAR and LARDER are stocked in a style to satisfy the most fastidious.

The Bar will be constantly supplied with the choicest LIQUORS, WINES, &c. His attendants will be intelligent, prompt and respectful; and his Larder will be supplied with WILD GAME, and all the delicacies of each succeeding season.

☞He can accommodate at the shortest notice, Societies, Clubs, Engine Companies, and Parties, with Dinners or Suppers, of the choicest delicacies to be found in the Market.

☞MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE, are particularly reminded of their long tried and approved residence. A separate parlor will be provided for their accommodation, and every exertion made to make them perfectly "at home" while *from home* on public business.

A few regular and transient Boarders can be accommodated in a style to meet their entire satisfaction.

Connected with the house, is a large and extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where swift Horses, good Carriages, and careful Drivers, will be constantly on hand.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Dec 31 AMOS ALLEN, Jr.

SUSPENDERS!

LINEN SUSPENDERS with springs, and made without seams or leather. —ALSO—

Silk Suspenders, a very durable article, the webbing composed of pure Italian sewing silk. —Also—

India Rubber Suspenders of French manufacture, a very celebrated and elastic article. —Likewise—

Worsted and Cotton Net and Web Suspenders, with and without springs; double and single fronts, &c.; together with an assortment of low price, for sale at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square. april 14

New Directory.

BOSTON DIRECTORY for 1830 and 1831. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill. july 7

Treatise on Mineralogy,

BY CHARLES UPHAM SHEPARD, A. M. Lecturer on Botany in Yale College, Member of the American Geological Society, &c. &c.

Also—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO STENOGRAPHY, or an entire New System of Writing Short Hand. For the use of schools and private tuition. By T. Towndrow, Professor and Teacher of Stenography. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20, Cornhill. june 9

Tales of the Early Ages,

BY Horace Smith, author of "Zillah," "Brambletye House," &c. &c. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Booksellers and Stationers, 18 & 20 Cornhill. sept 8

Also, a good assortment of BOOKS.

Spring Goods.

RECEIVED and for sale by JOHN H. COPP, No. 20, State street, a full and beautiful assortment of fresh Blue Black and colored Broadcloth and Cassimeres of American, French and English fabrics with a great variety of Fancy Valencia and Marseilles Vestings, suited to the spring trade. tf